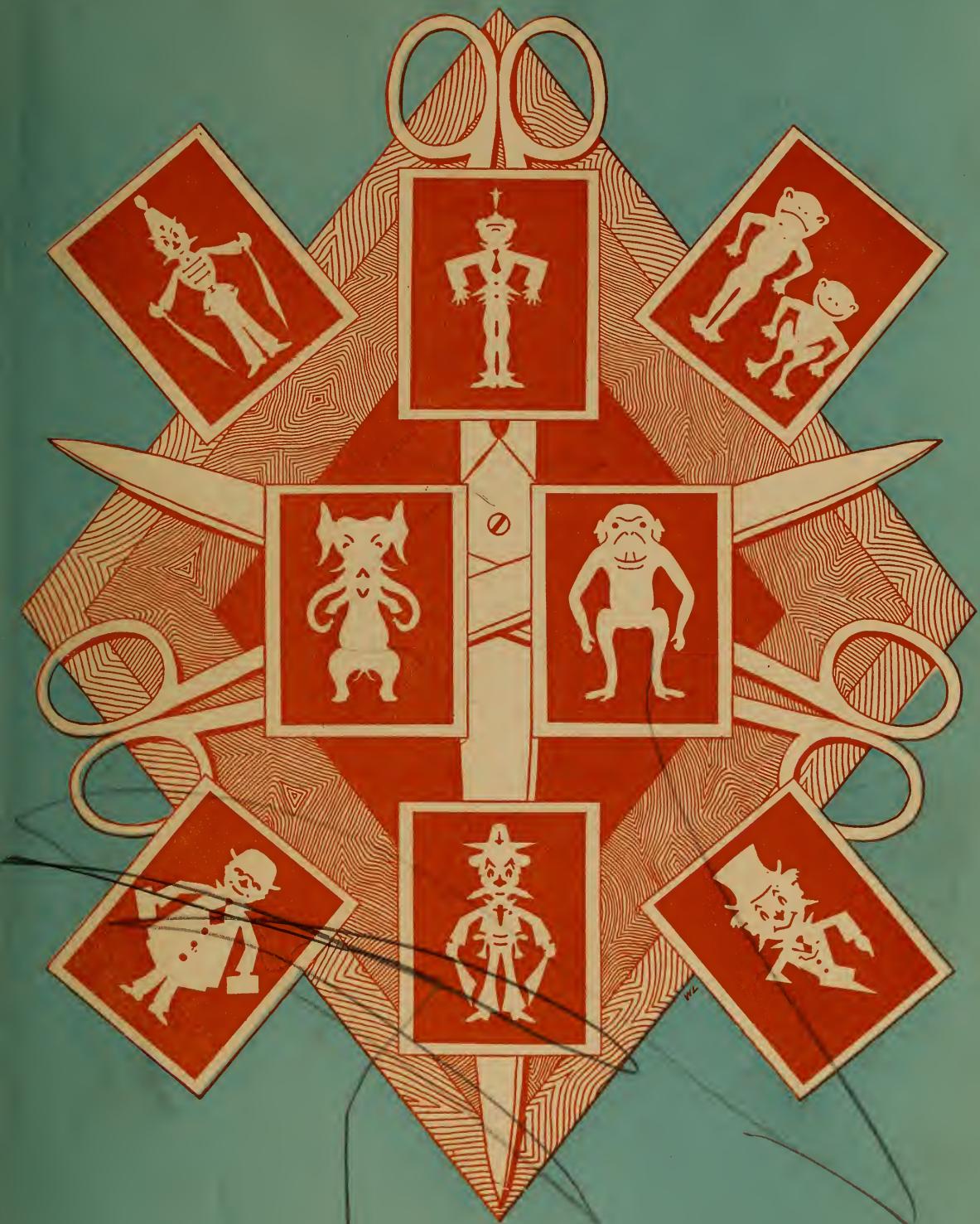


J. T. F.
MISSOURI
BLOCK



WILLIAM LUDLUM







THE SCISSORS Book

By

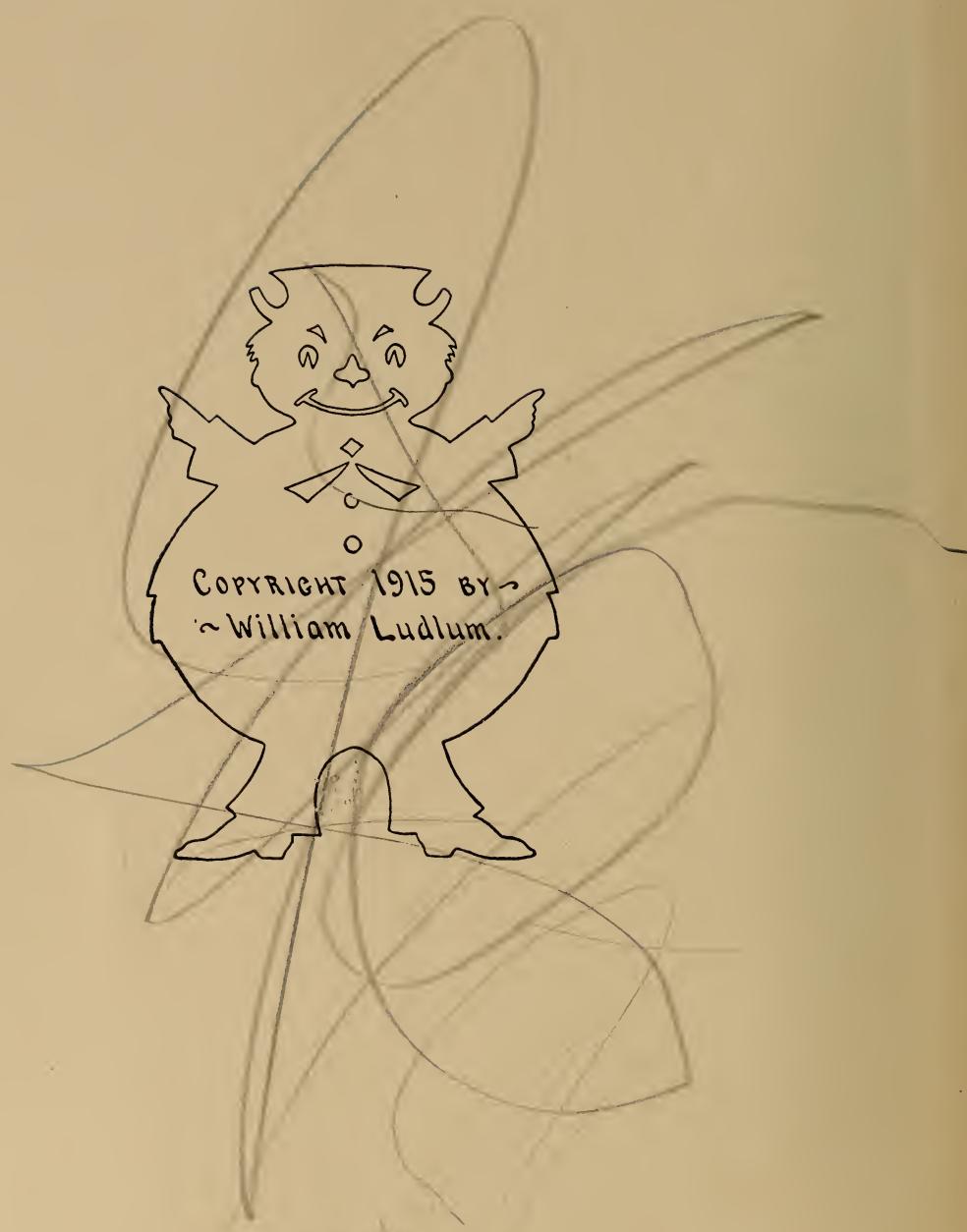
William Ludlum

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

GV1218
CPL8



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~~\$1.00~~
OCT -7 1915

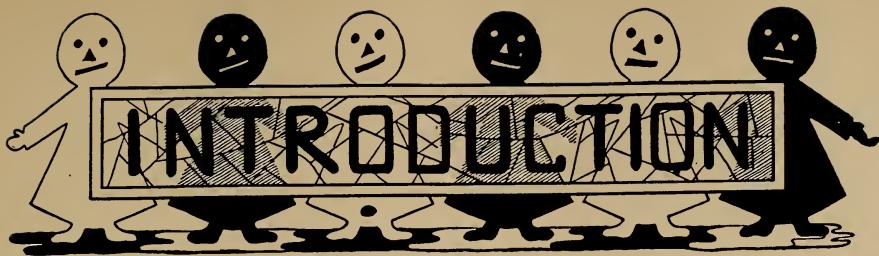
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No. 1



◆ DEDICATION ◆

To my little girl Grace,
Who, in turn, dedicates it to
All other little girls and boys
Who love to make cut-outs.



One winter evening, some years ago, my little girl, who was busy with a pair of scissors and a sheet of white paper, said, "Come, papa, help me cut out some paper dolls." As I am always ready and willing to amuse her, I was soon deep in the mysteries of the paper-doll business, cutting out the style of doll that one always sees. After a while I thought I would attempt to vary the pattern for novelties' sake and began to experiment. The result, as far as interesting my little girl, was a decided success, and right then and there the paper dolls became "funny men" and I had provided myself with an occupation for many evenings to come. In fact, not only was my little girl delighted, but many of her little friends and some of the grown-ups too. I bought a scrap book in which we pasted the cut-outs and it has become my little girl's most valued possession in the book line, because it is so different from anything else and, to a great extent, her own work.

It has long been in my mind that the "Scissors Folk," as we call them, might be of interest to many other little girls and boys, and their big brothers and sisters too. The idea has culminated in this book, which is sent forth with the hope and the wish, that it will provide amusement, during the long evenings, for many children, both young and old.

The only directions necessary, are, to take a sheet of plain white paper, fold it once lengthwise through the center and then,

with a sharp pair of scissors, cut out the figure. Don't try so much to copy the designs in this book as to make new ones.

As a starter, for those who wish to make a "Scissors Book" of their own, in the back of this book will be found a few half-figures in outline intended to show how the illustrations for this book were made.

To make copies, place a sheet of tracing paper, or any thin white paper through which the printed lines can be seen, on the picture and then trace over the outline. After this is done, turn the paper over and rub it all over the back of the figure with a soft black pencil, then lay the tracing, face up, on the white paper intended for the finished cut-out and carefully go over the outline again with a sharp pencil or small pointed stick; in this way a perfect copy of the original will be made. When this is finished, fold the paper on the long dotted line and proceed to cut out, cutting through both thicknesses. Trim around the outline first, and then cut out all the black portions such as nose, mouth, eyes, etc. When all the black portions are removed unfold the paper and see how a half-man has become a whole one. Copy a few of these half-figures for practice and then start in to make a series of your own.

After the figures are cut out paste them in a scrap book. In this way you will soon have a book full of pictures to show your little friends, and of which you can truly say, "I made them all myself."

WILLIAM LUDLUM.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

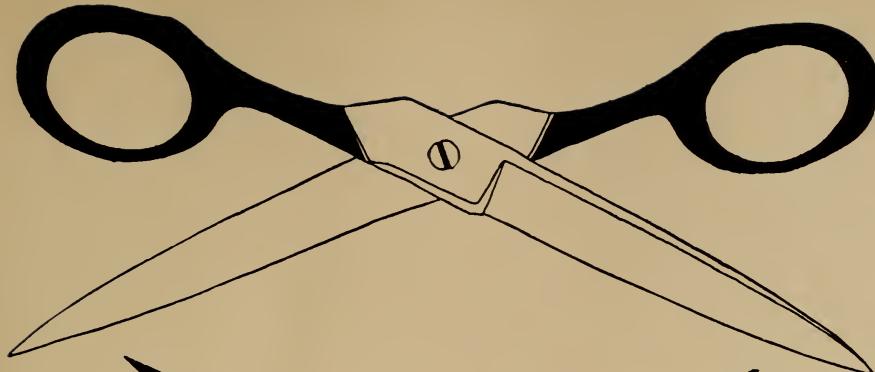
THE SCISSORS FOLK

My papa takes a pair of shears
And sheet of paper, white,
And, as he snips, and snips, and snips,
There soon appears to sight,
A host of many funny things,
With paws, and claws, and wings, and stings.

He folds the paper only once,
To make a center line,
And then he cuts, and cuts, and cuts,
This darling papa mine,
And, as he cuts, there grows apace
Full many a strange and curious face.

His men have arms and legs askew,
With bodies strange to see;
His animals are very fierce,
Tho' funny as can be.
I just delight to watch him clip
As, from his hands, the cut-outs slip.

Now you and I can do the same,
If, patiently, we try;
Just guide the scissors round-about,
Then cut nose, mouth, and eye,
And soon will grow, before our view,
A strange parade of creatures new.

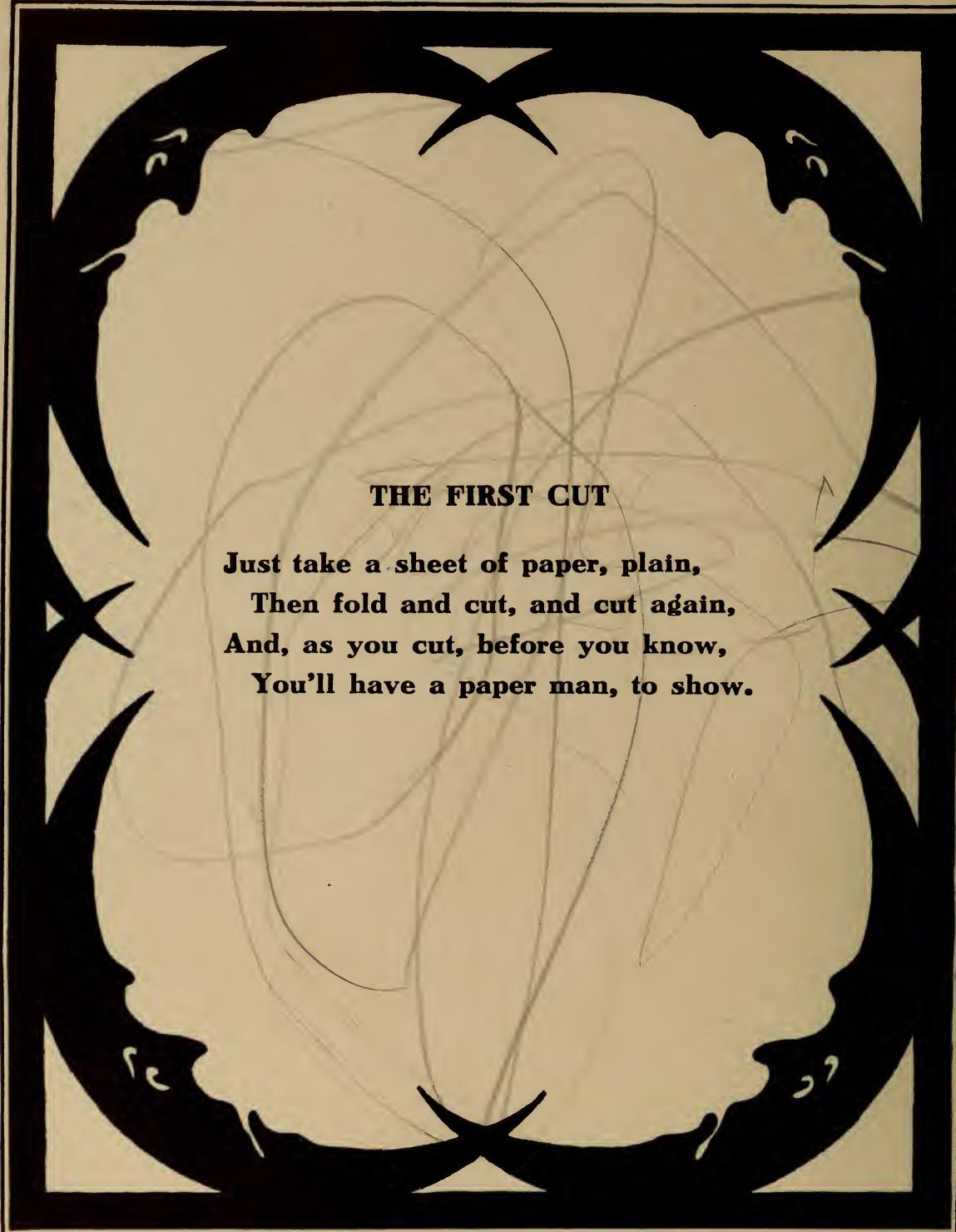


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THE FIRST CUT

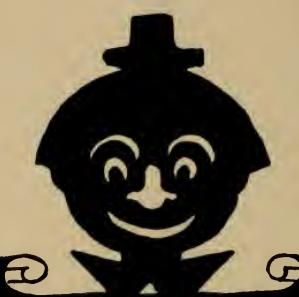
**Just take a sheet of paper, plain,
Then fold and cut, and cut again,
And, as you cut, before you know,
You'll have a paper man, to show.**



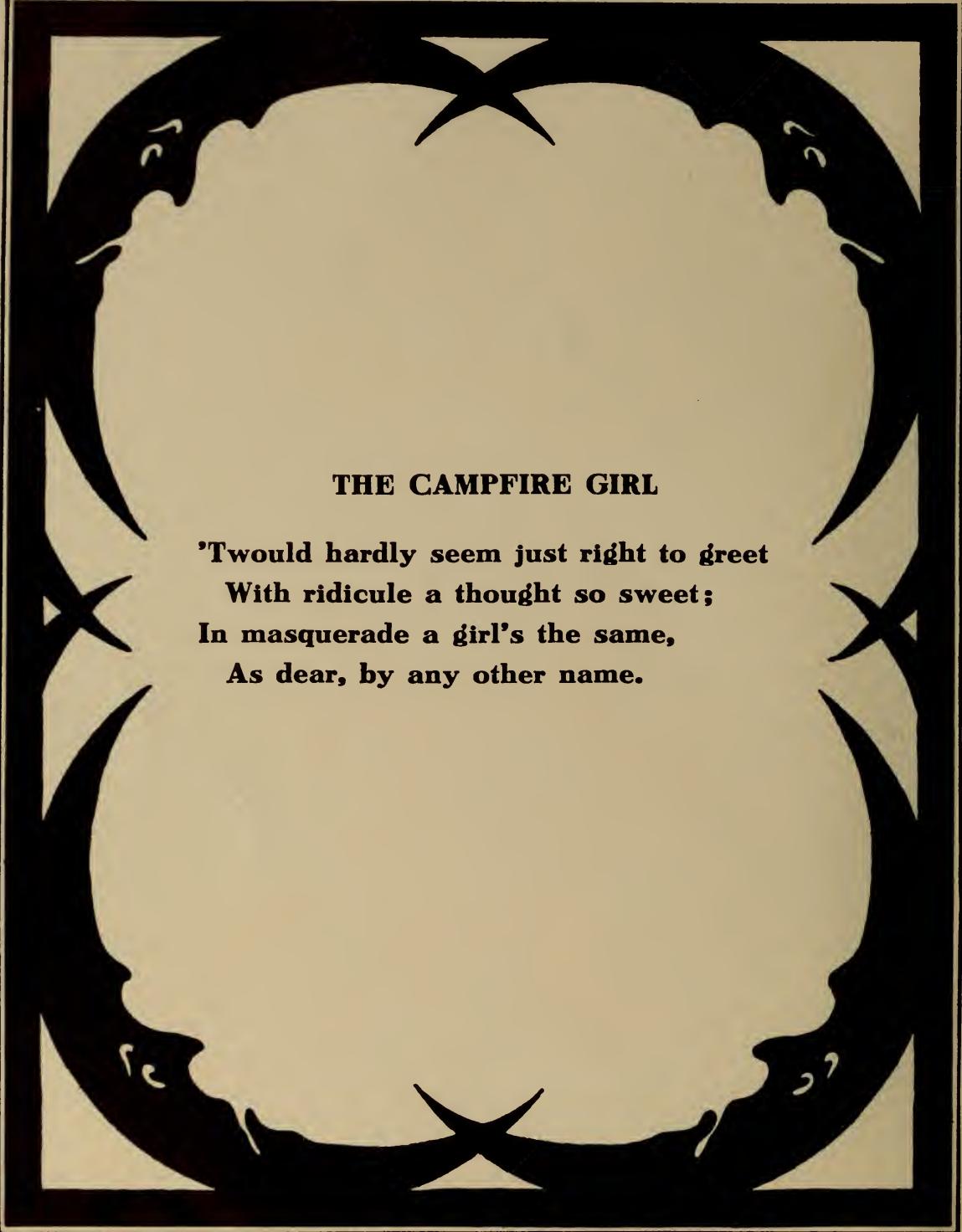


THE LION

The lion is a "kingly beast,"
On "little kids" he loves to feast;
So if you hear a lion roar
Rush in the house and slam the door.







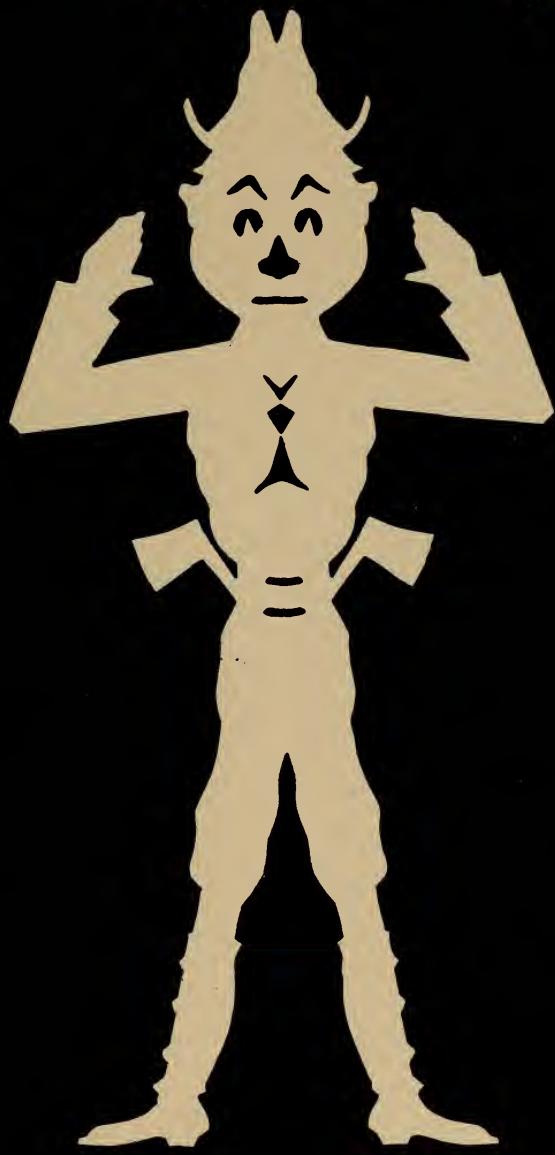
THE CAMPFIRE GIRL

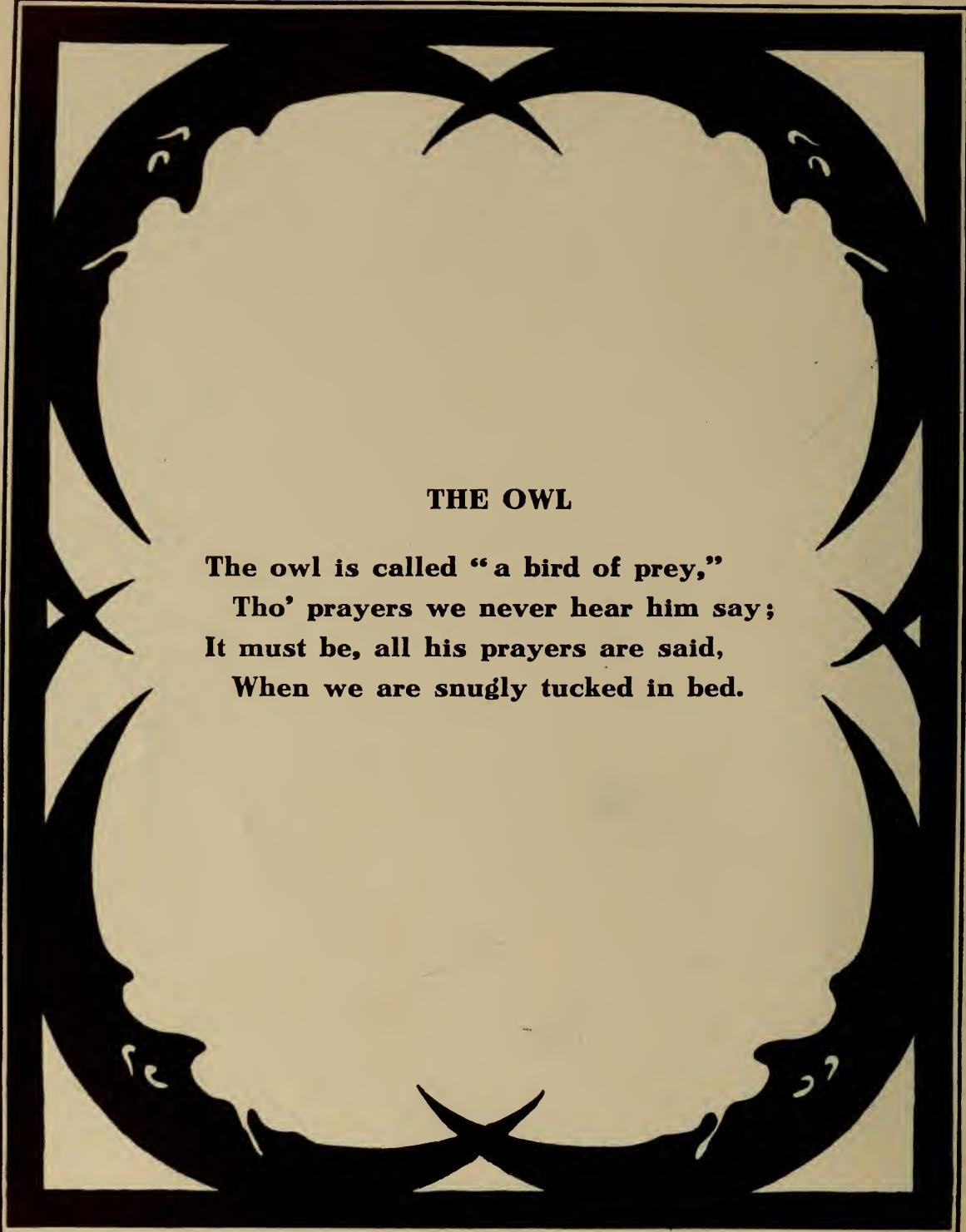
**'Twould hardly seem just right to greet
With ridicule a thought so sweet;
In masquerade a girl's the same,
As dear, by any other name.**



THE BOY SCOUT

**The native Indian has fled;
The wooden one's as good as dead;
But to replace them, right at home,
Boy Scouts in countless numbers roam.**





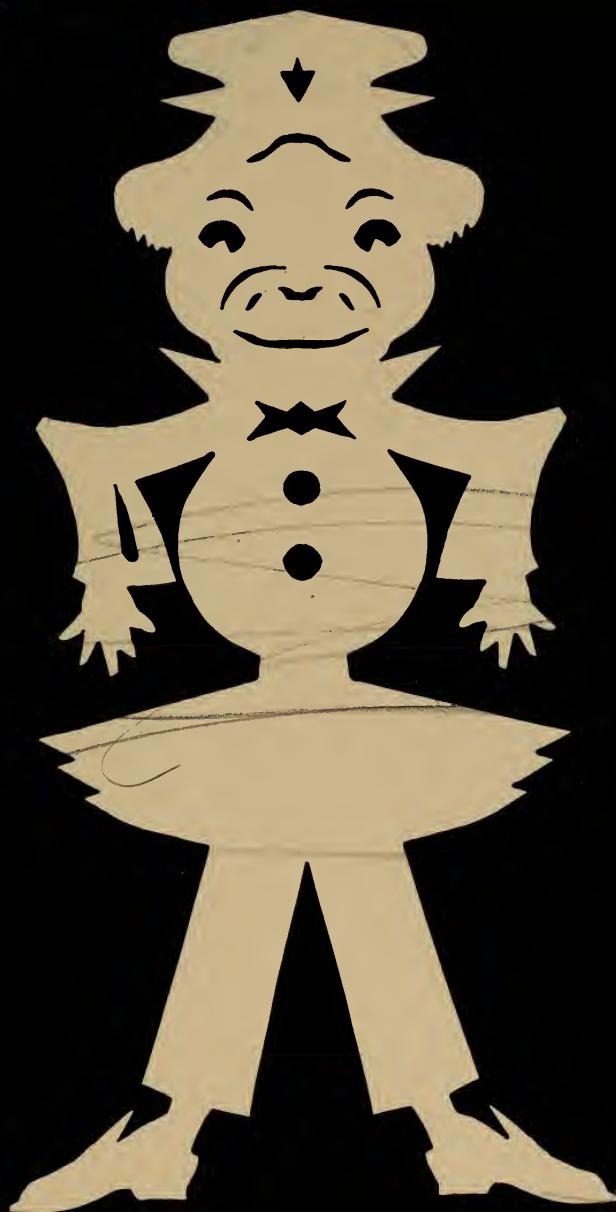
THE OWL

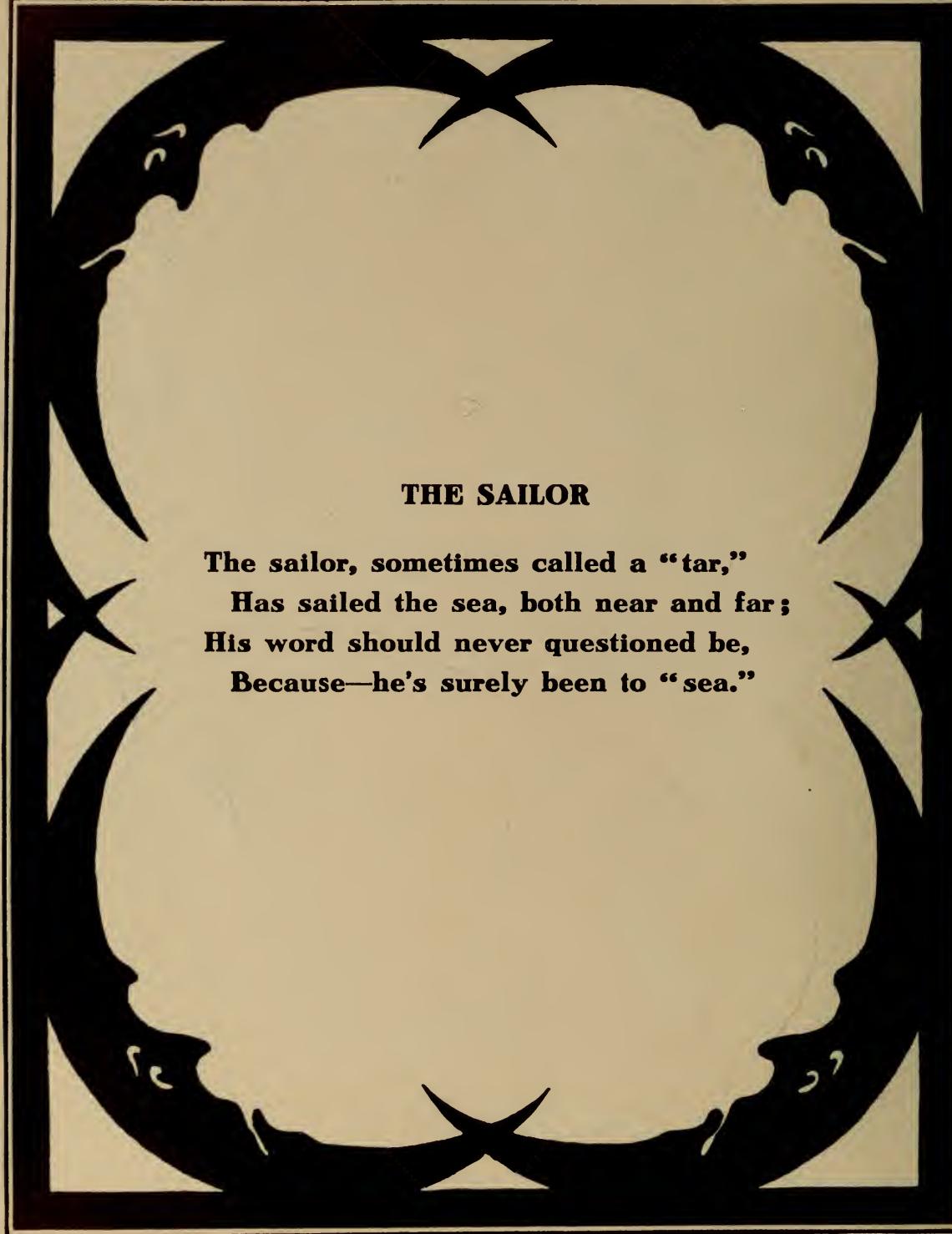
**The owl is called "a bird of prey,"
Tho' prayers we never hear him say;
It must be, all his prayers are said,
When we are snugly tucked in bed.**



A SCHOOL-BOY

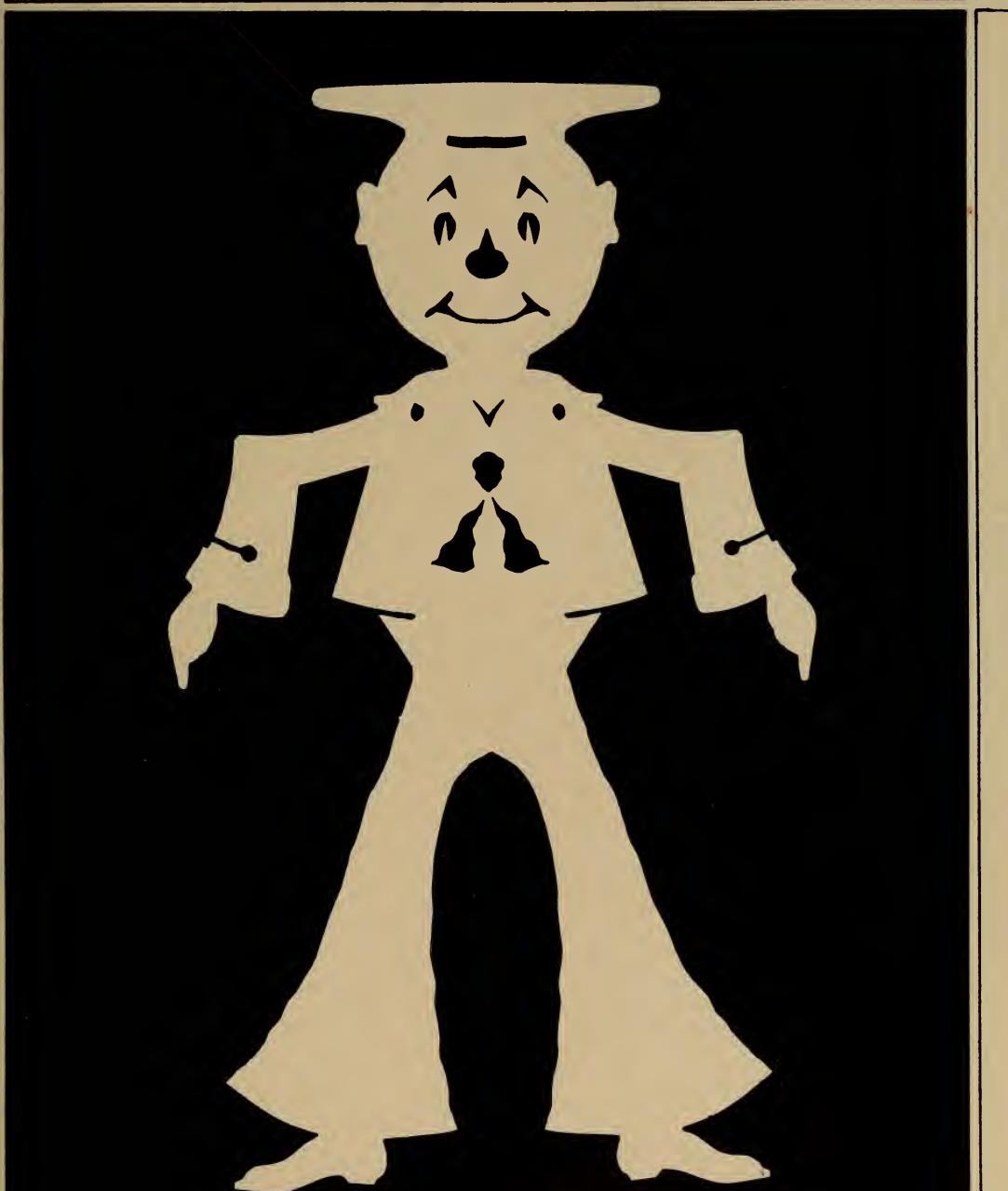
This School-Boy fearing against his wife,
All studies he would like to kill;
With teacher he is always fighting;
This is a sample of his writing.

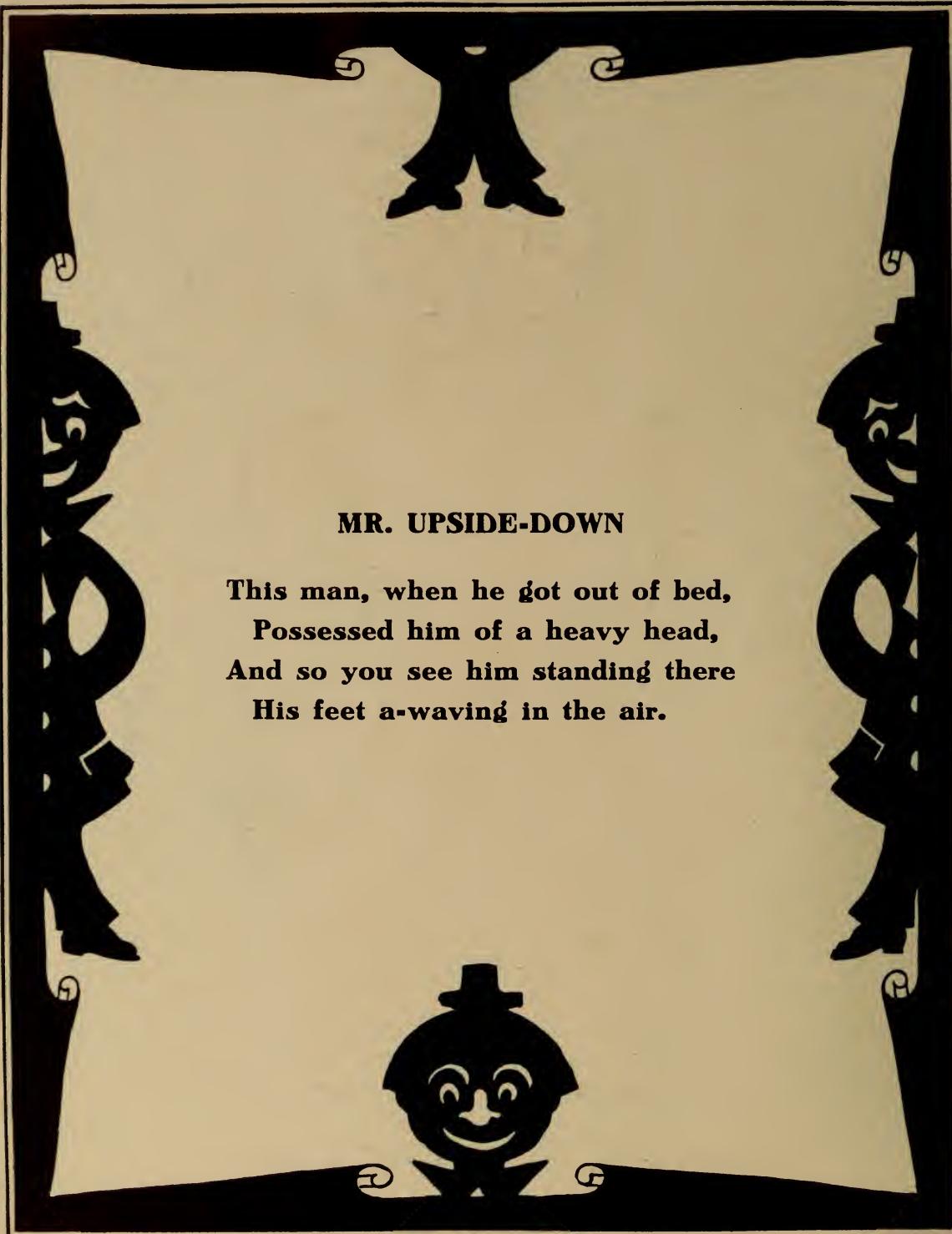




THE SAILOR

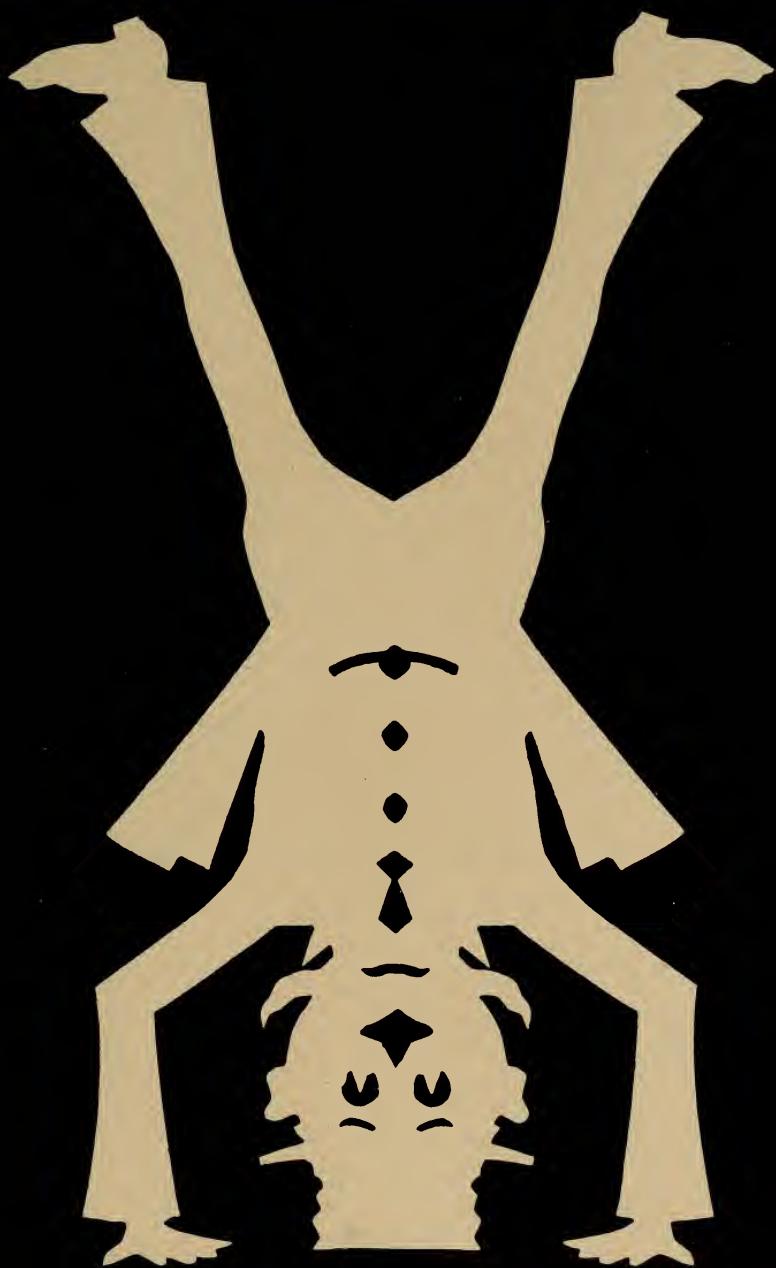
**The sailor, sometimes called a "tar,"
Has sailed the sea, both near and far;
His word should never questioned be,
Because—he's surely been to "sea."**

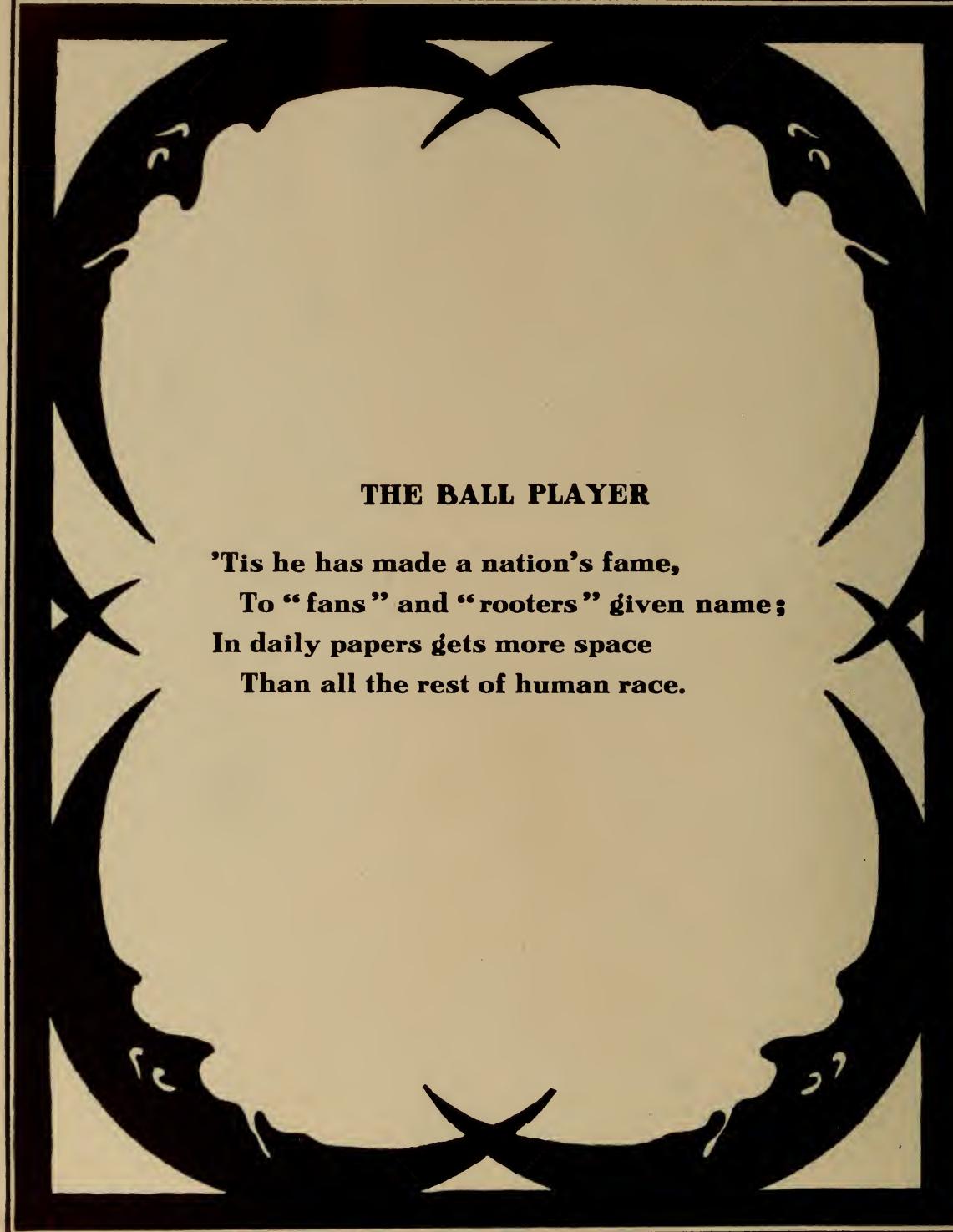




MR. UPSIDE-DOWN

**This man, when he got out of bed,
Possessed him of a heavy head,
And so you see him standing there
His feet a-waving in the air.**

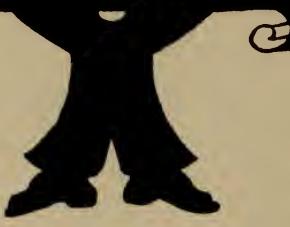




THE BALL PLAYER

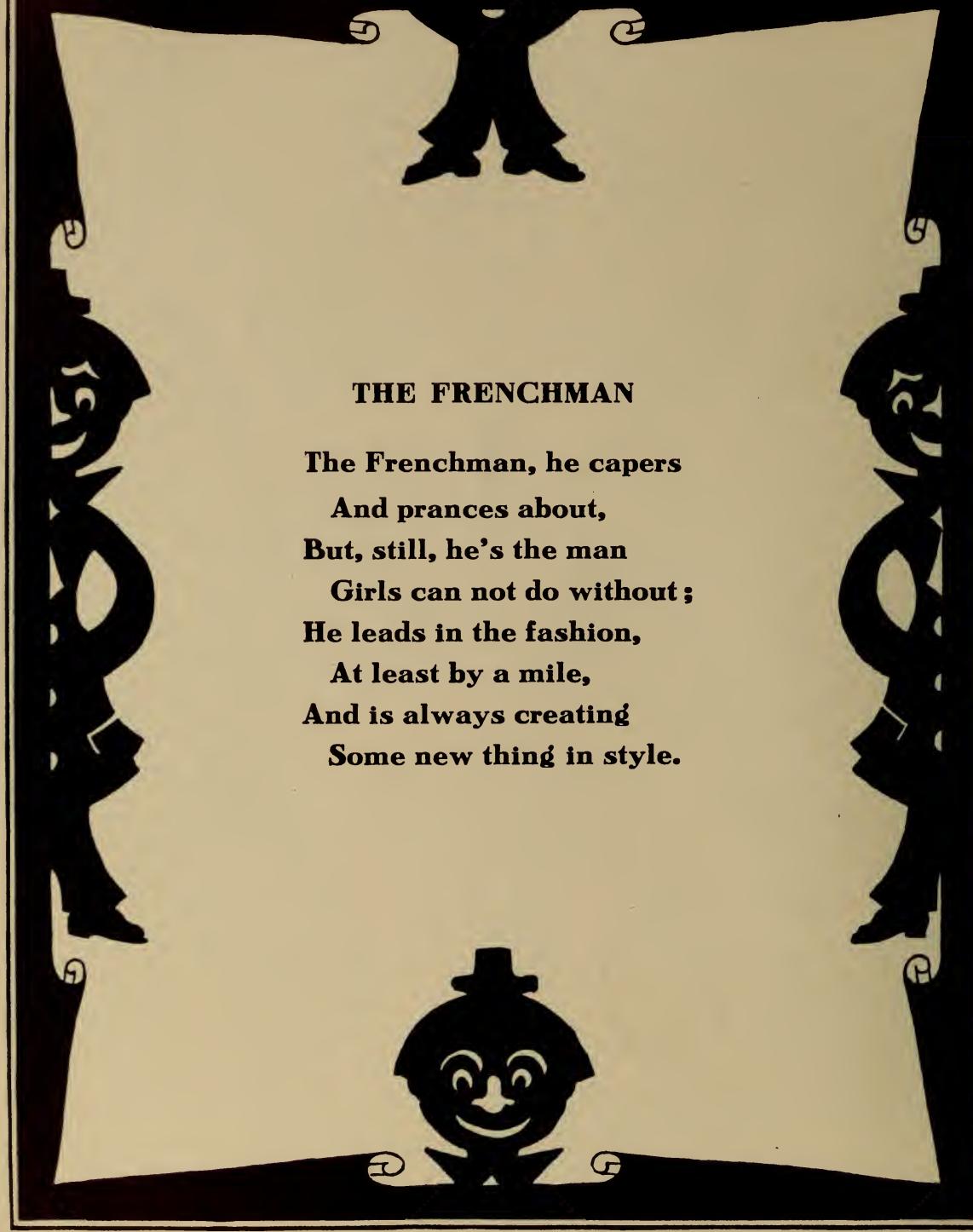
**"Tis he has made a nation's fame,
To "fans" and "rooters" given name;
In daily papers gets more space
Than all the rest of human race.**



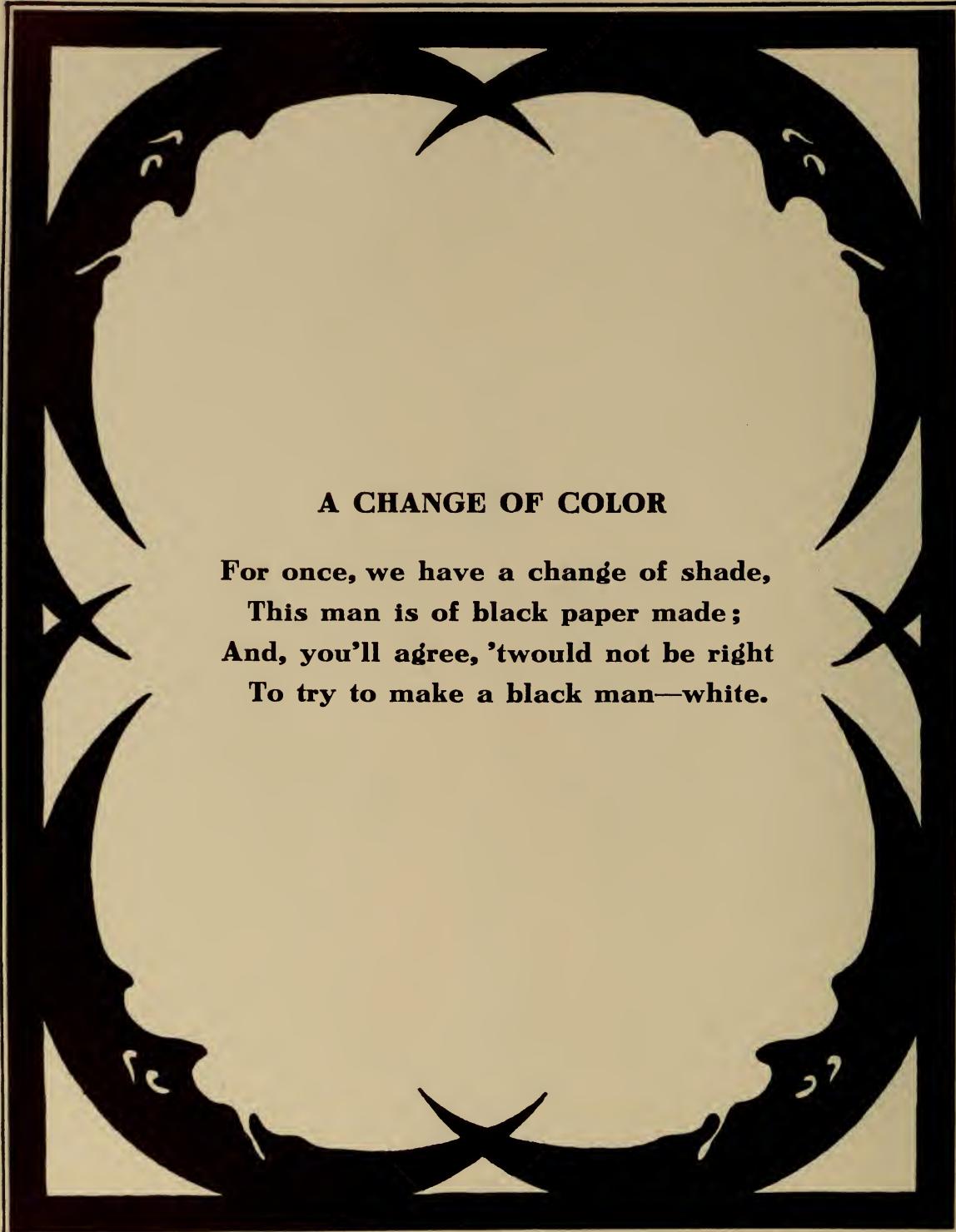


THE FRENCHMAN

The Frenchman, he capers
And prances about,
But, still, he's the man
Girls can not do without ;
He leads in the fashion,
At least by a mile,
And is always creating
Some new thing in style.



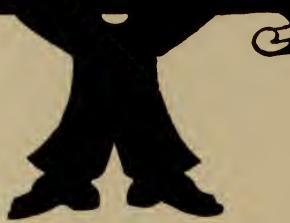




A CHANGE OF COLOR

For once, we have a change of shade,
This man is of black paper made;
And, you'll agree, 'twould not be right
To try to make a black man—white.



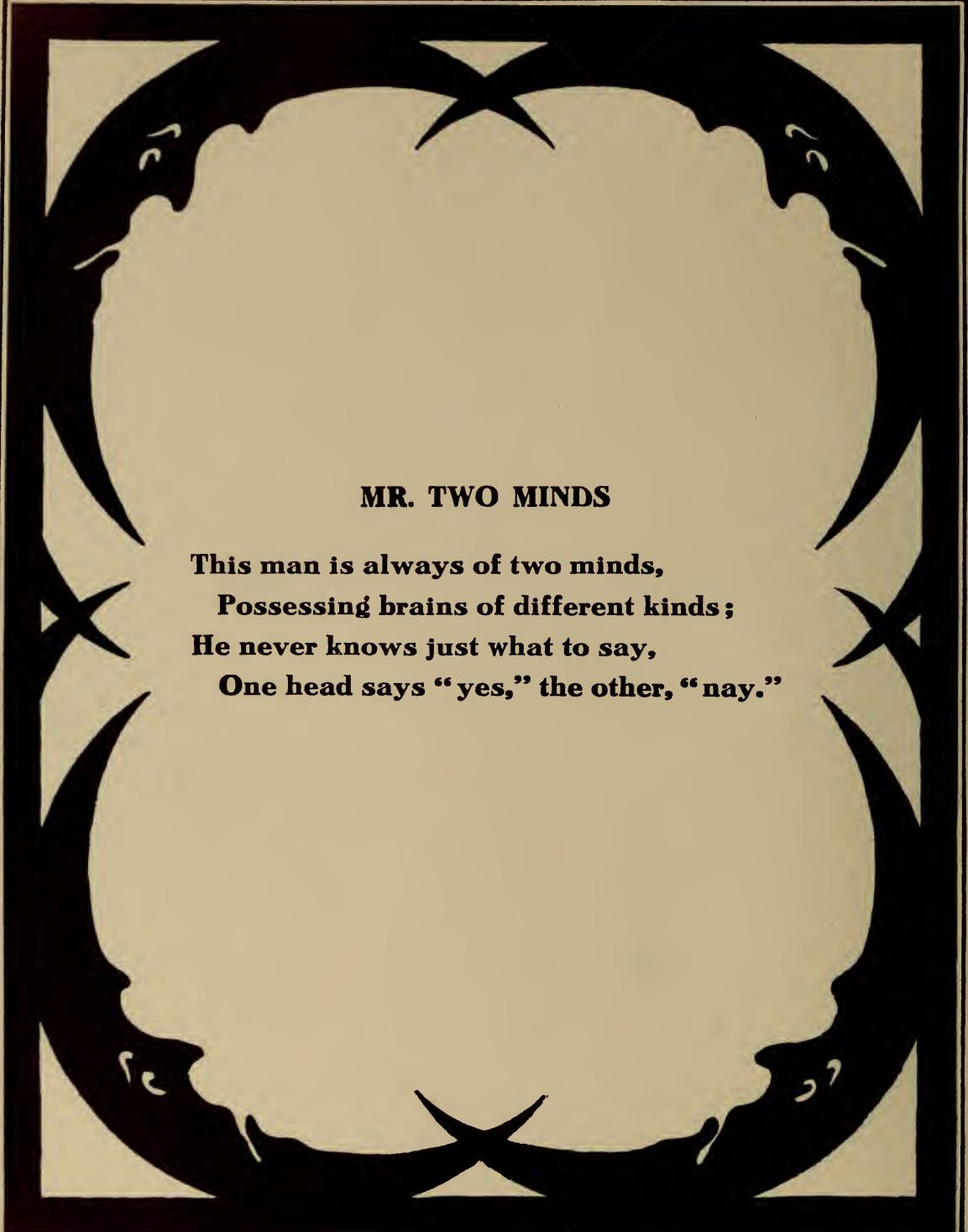


THE CLOWN

The circus clown brings many a smile,
To imitate him is worth while;
For smiles, like frowns, when spread around,
Will, on the giver, soon rebound.



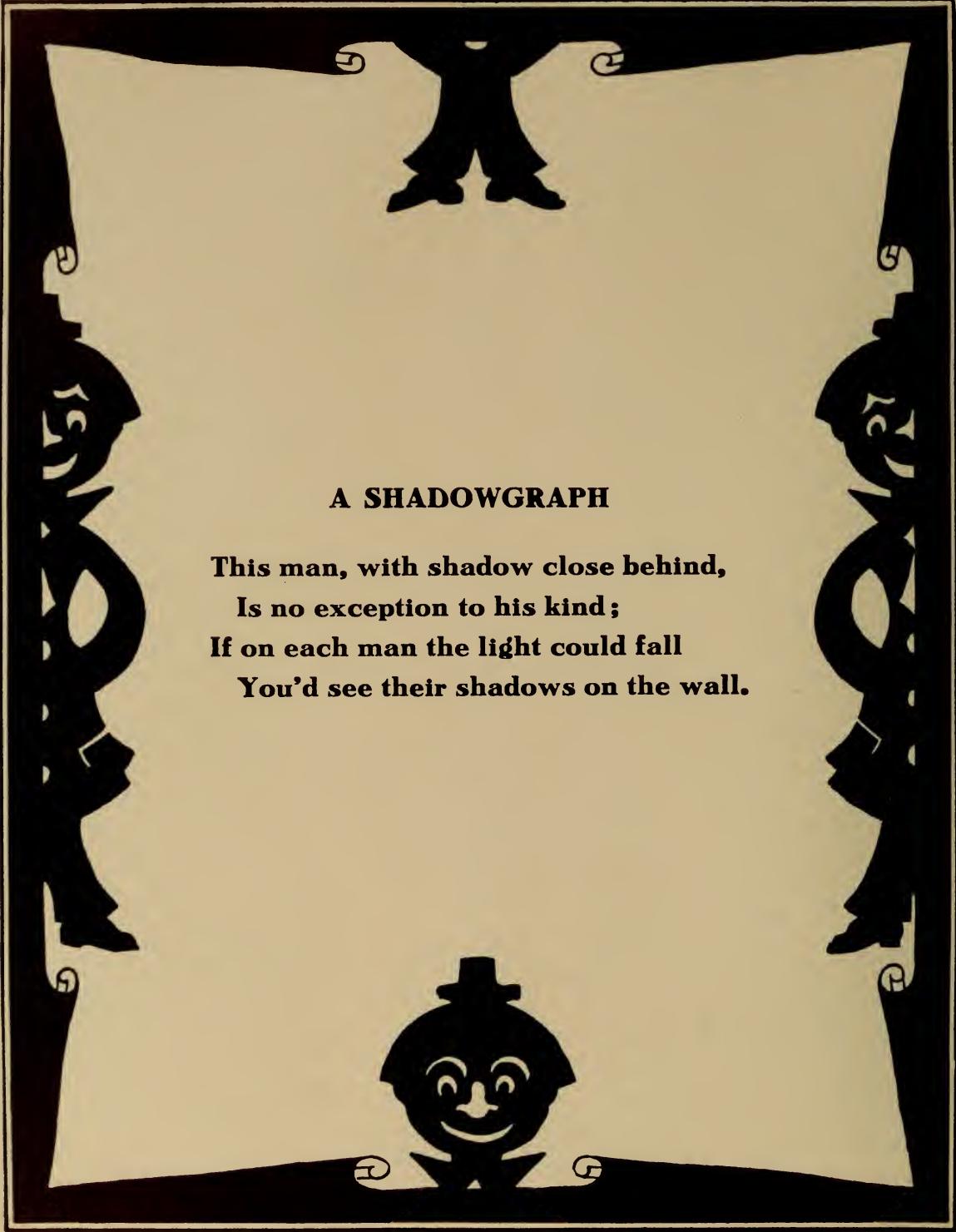




MR. TWO MINDS

**This man is always of two minds,
Possessing brains of different kinds ;
He never knows just what to say,
One head says "yes," the other, "nay."**

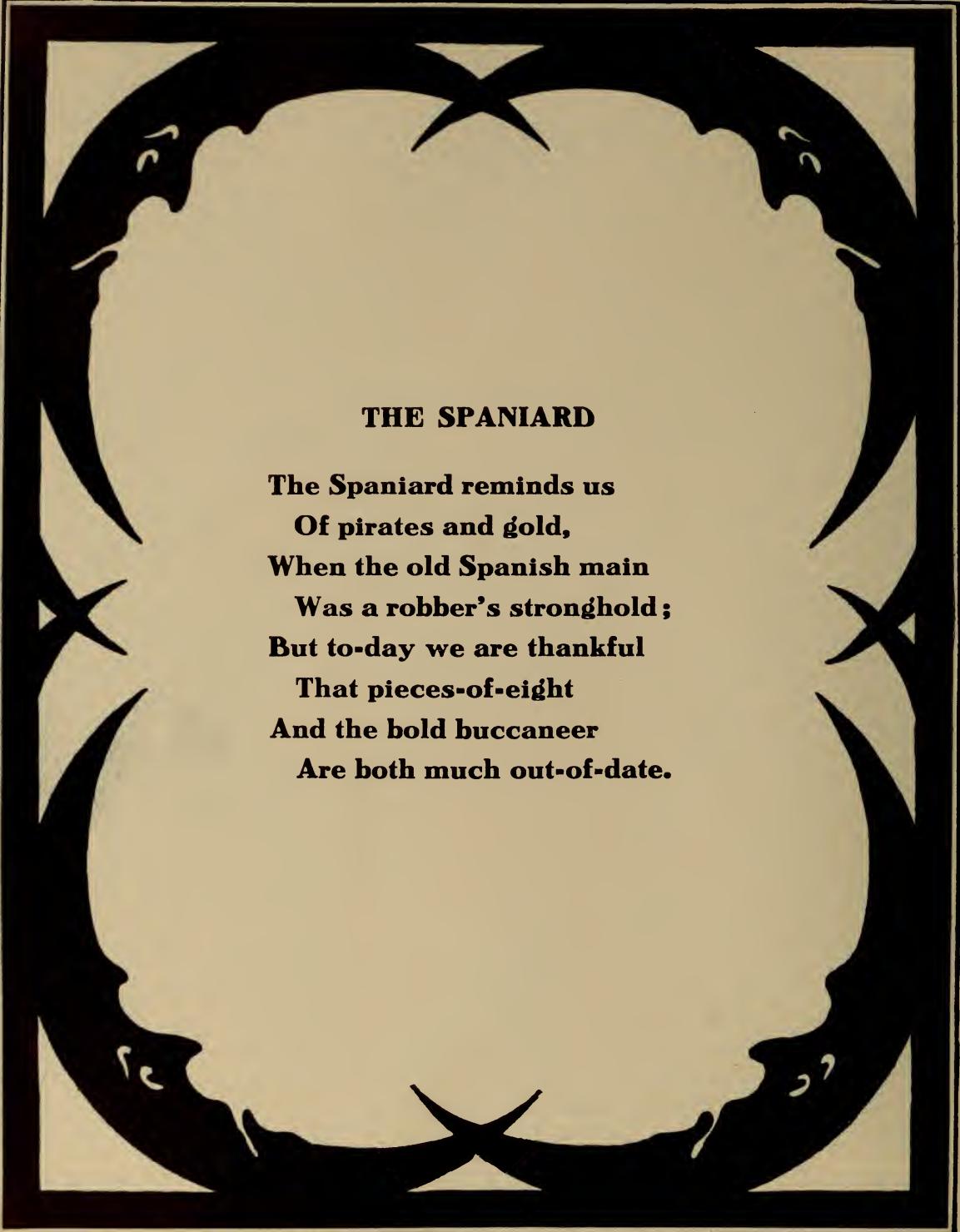




A SHADOWGRAPH

**This man, with shadow close behind,
Is no exception to his kind;
If on each man the light could fall
You'd see their shadows on the wall.**

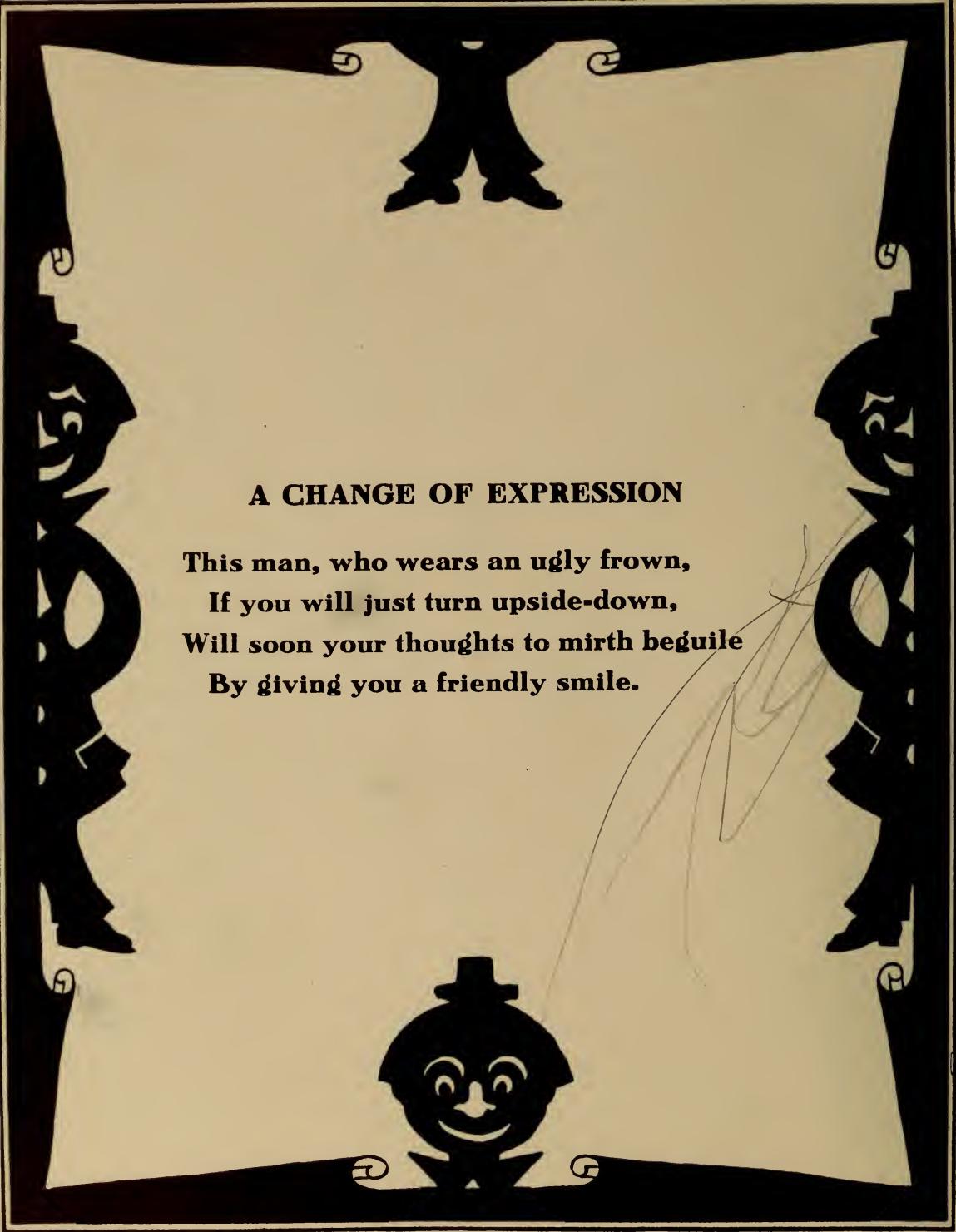




THE SPANIARD

**The Spaniard reminds us
Of pirates and gold,
When the old Spanish main
Was a robber's stronghold;
But to-day we are thankful
That pieces-of-eight
And the bold buccaneer
Are both much out-of-date.**

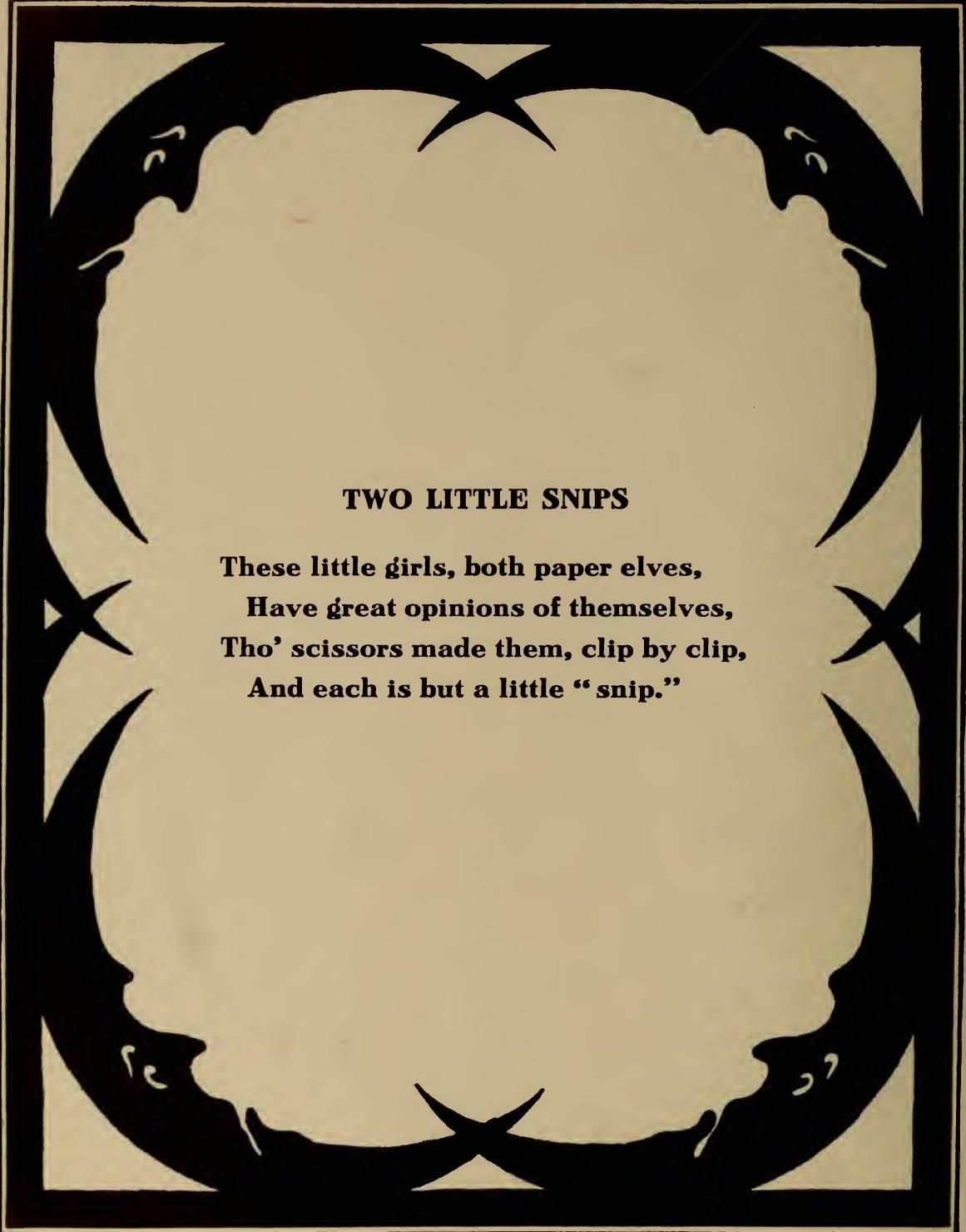




A CHANGE OF EXPRESSION

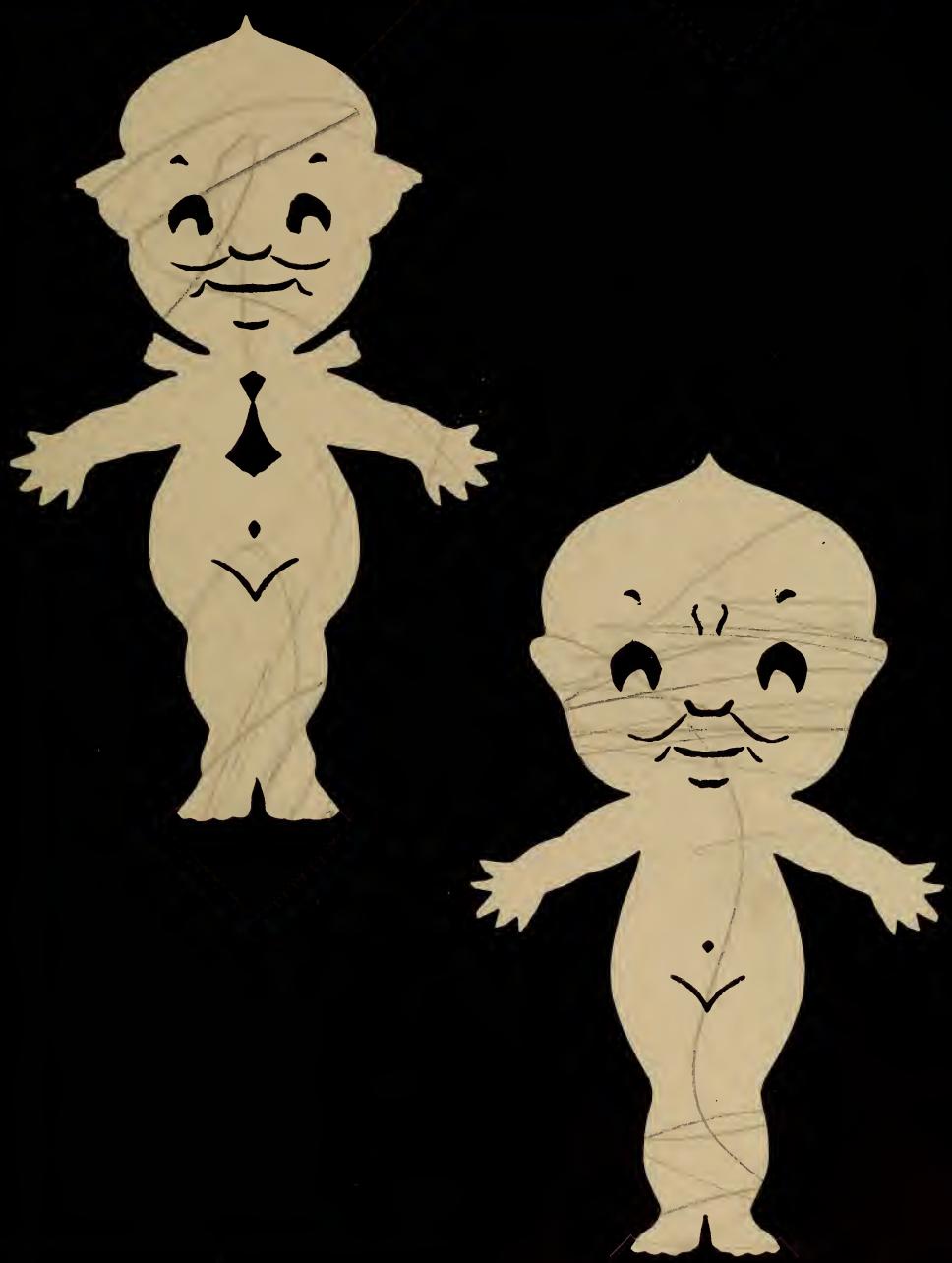
**This man, who wears an ugly frown,
If you will just turn upside-down,
Will soon your thoughts to mirth beguile
By giving you a friendly smile.**

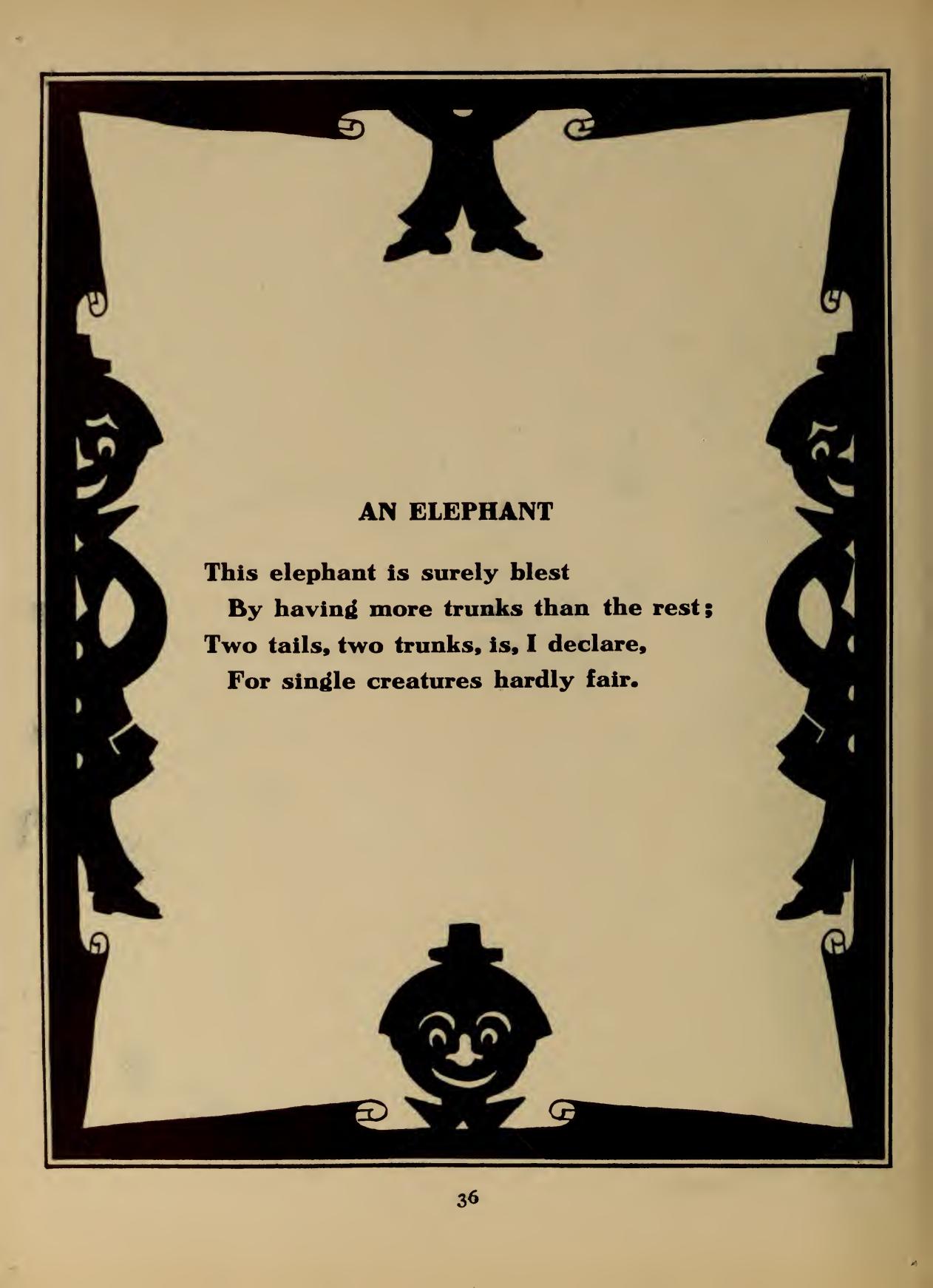




TWO LITTLE SNIPS

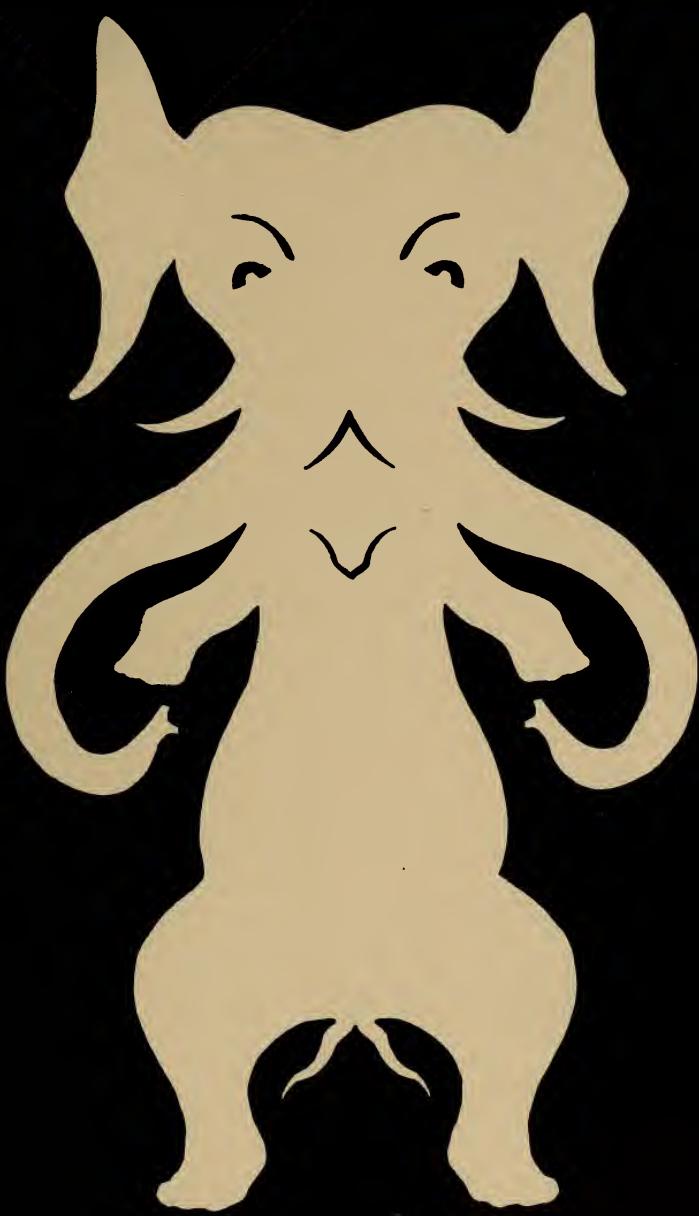
**These little girls, both paper elves,
Have great opinions of themselves,
Tho' scissors made them, clip by clip,
And each is but a little "snip."**

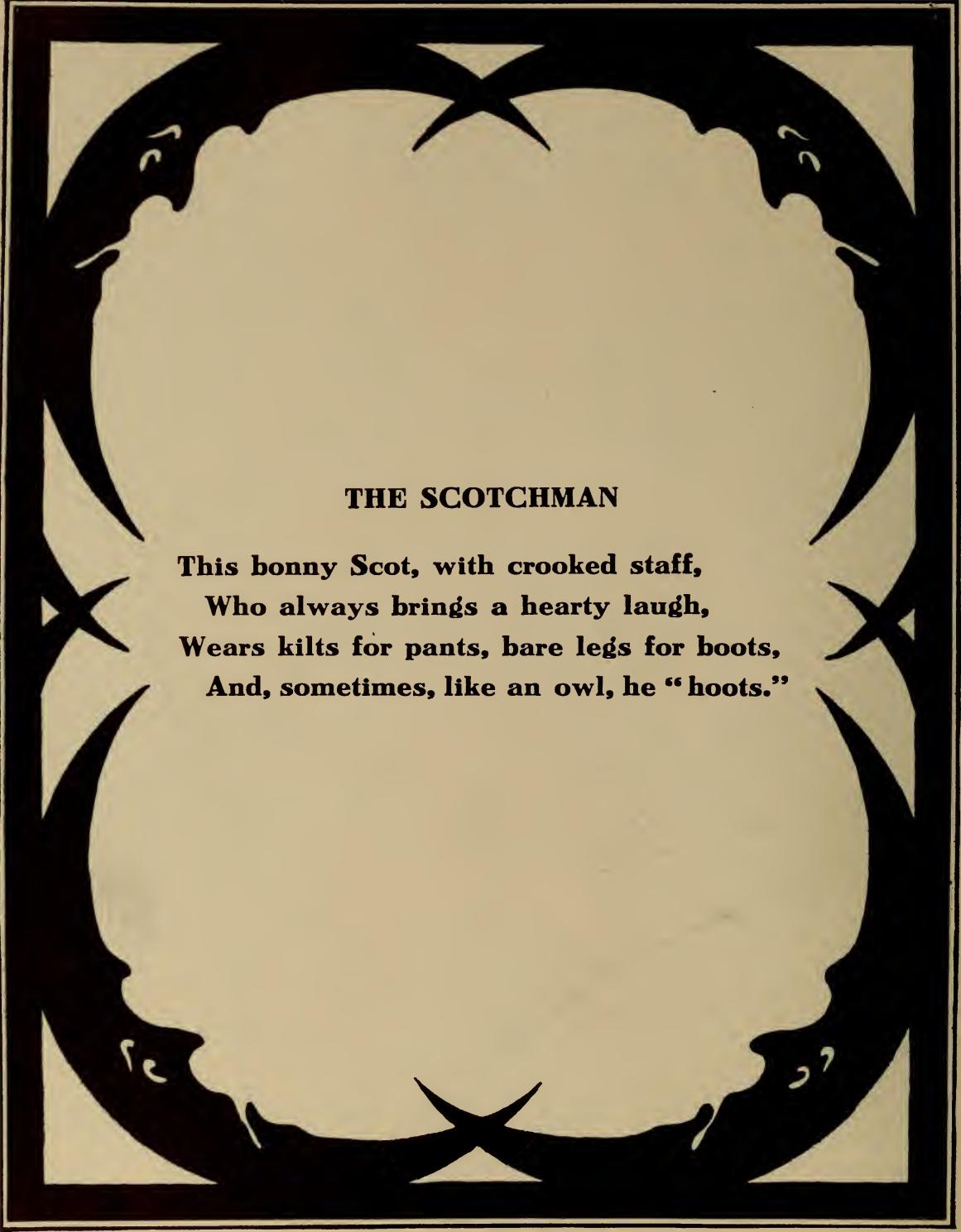




AN ELEPHANT

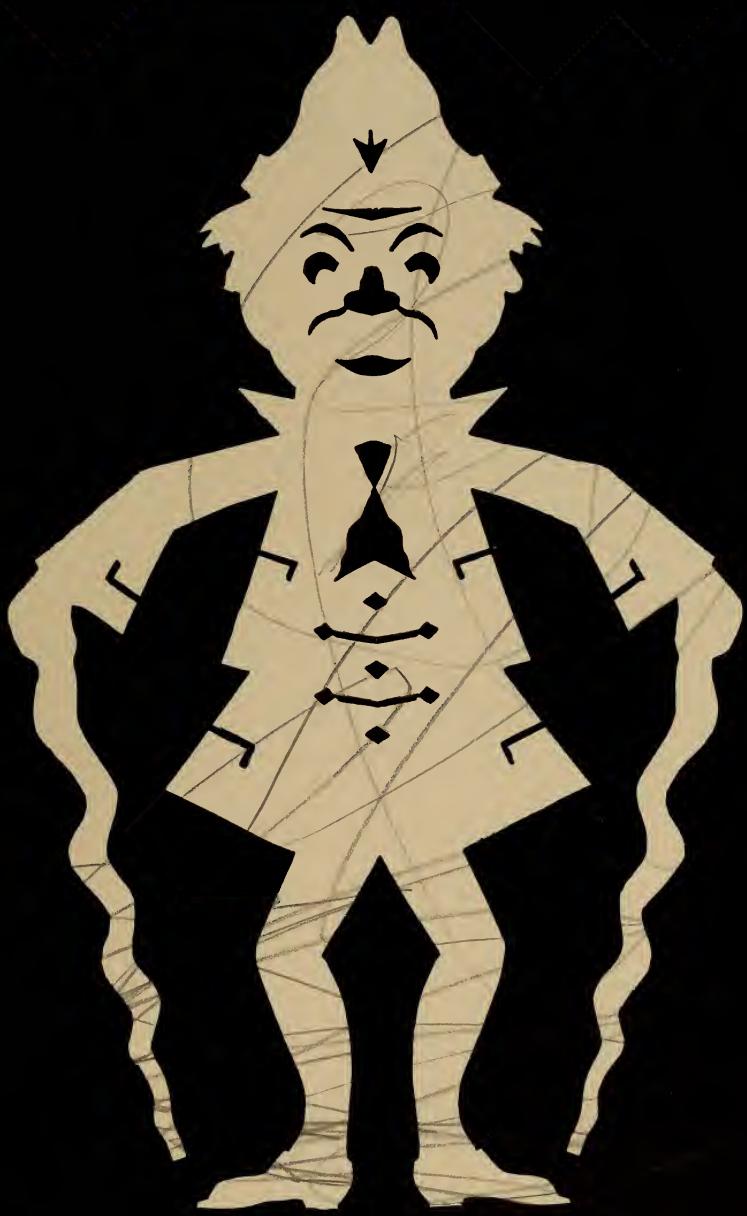
This elephant is surely blest
By having more trunks than the rest;
Two tails, two trunks, is, I declare,
For single creatures hardly fair.





THE SCOTCHMAN

**This bonny Scot, with crooked staff,
Who always brings a hearty laugh,
Wears kilts for pants, bare legs for boots,
And, sometimes, like an owl, he "hoots."**



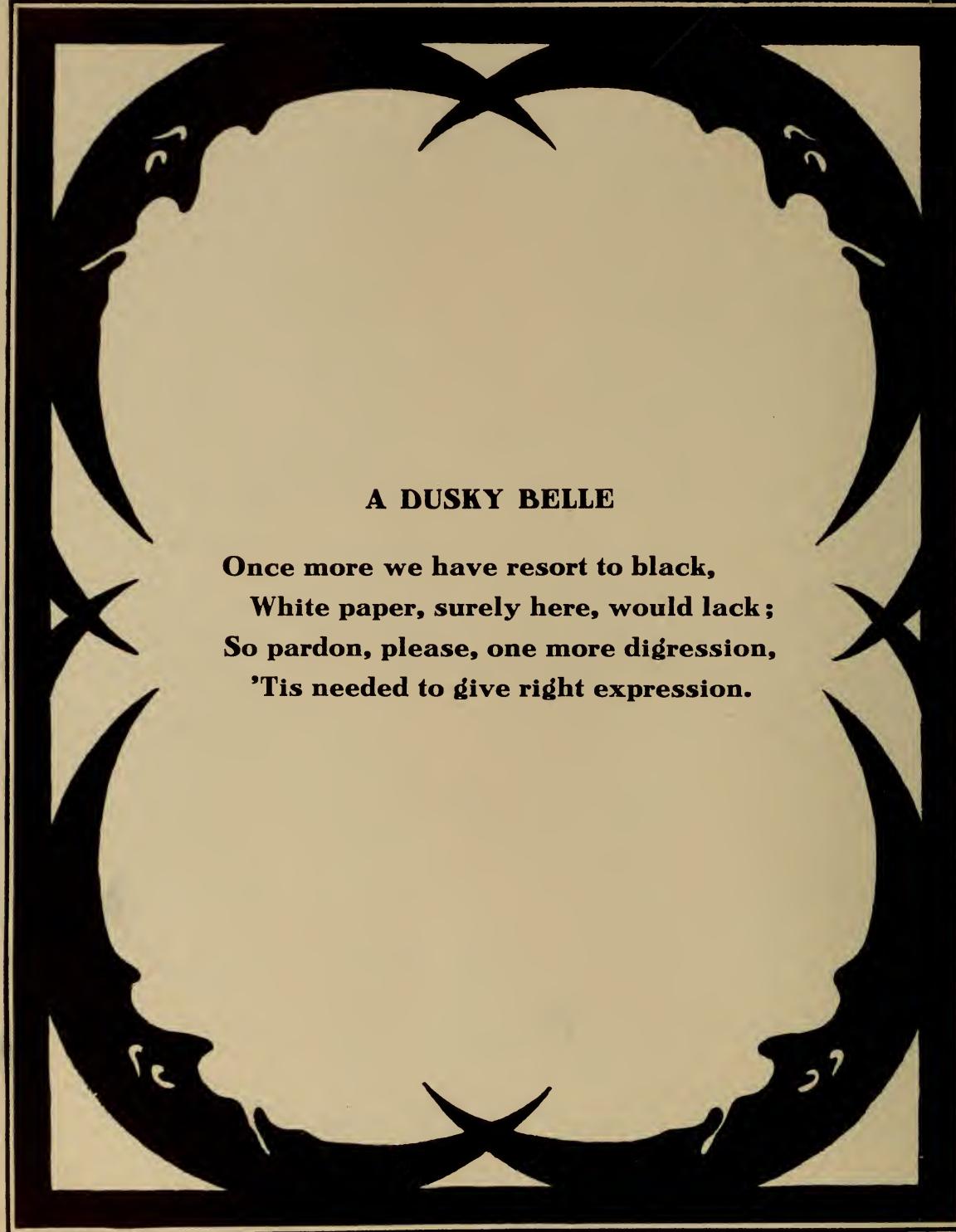


A SOLDIER

This soldier, brave when on parade,
Believes what often has been said,
That "he who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day."



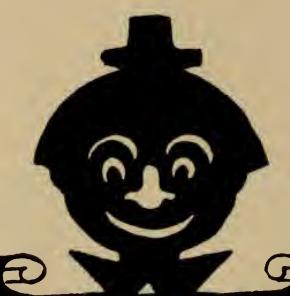




A DUSKY BELLE

**Once more we have resort to black,
White paper, surely here, would lack ;
So pardon, please, one more digression,
'Tis needed to give right expression.**

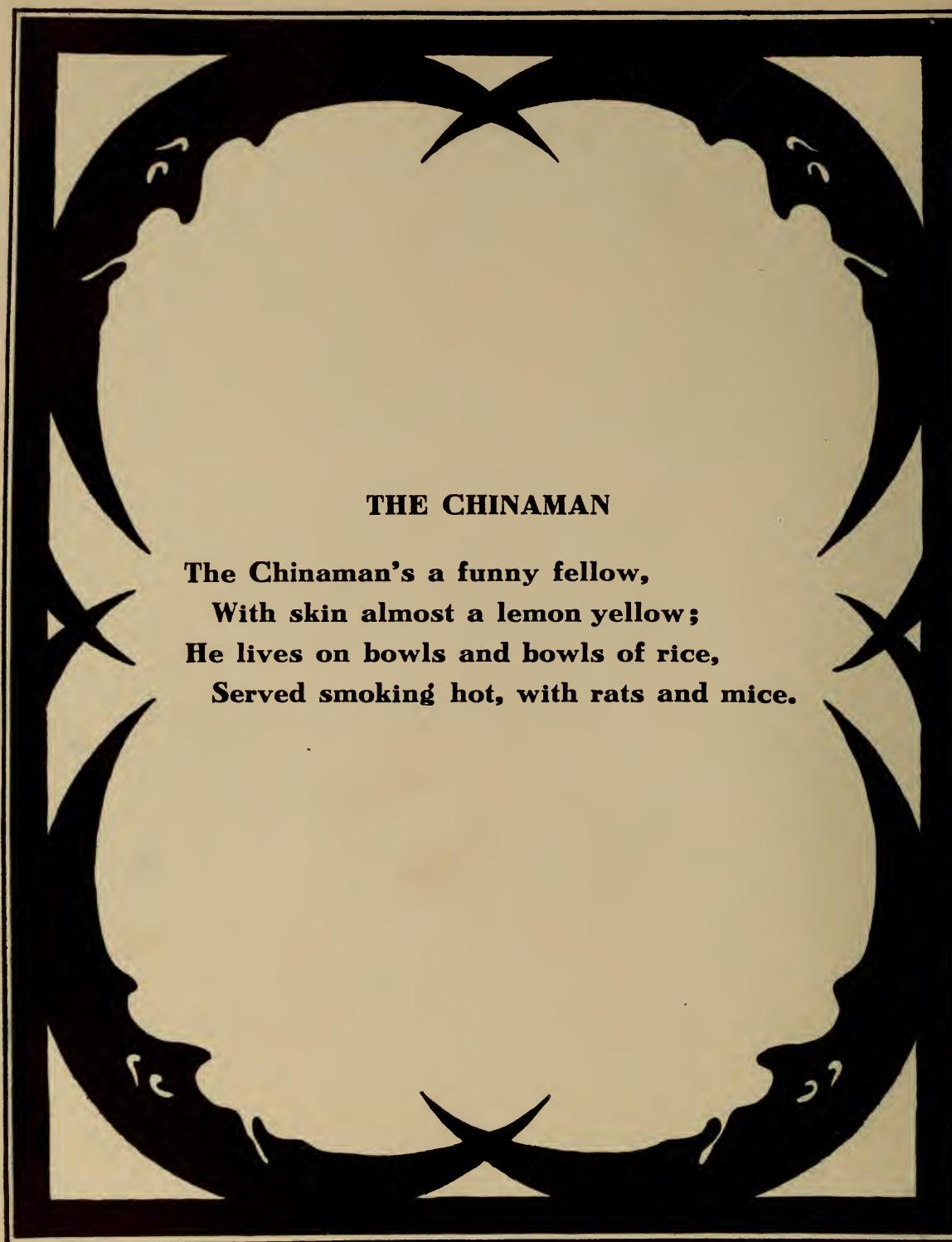




THE MAN IN THE MOON

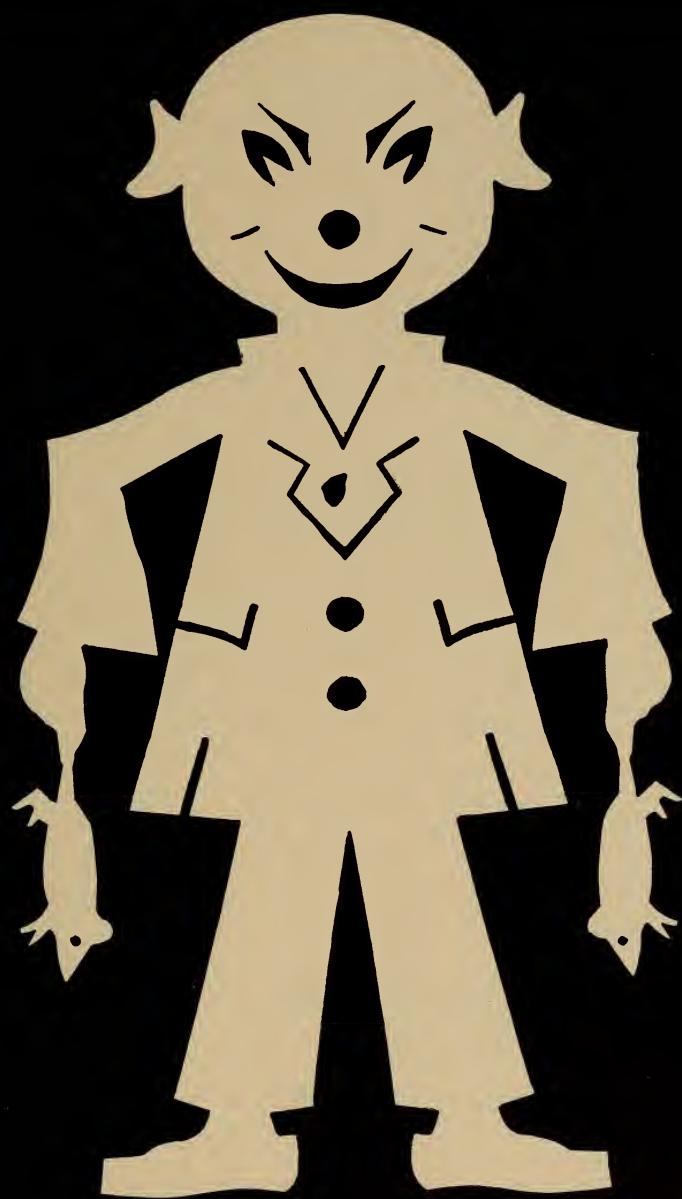
**The man in the moon
Has caused many a flutter
By peeping, at night,
Thro' the cracks of the shutter;
The children, in bed,
See his ghost on the floor,
And they wish that mamma
Would, please, open the door.**

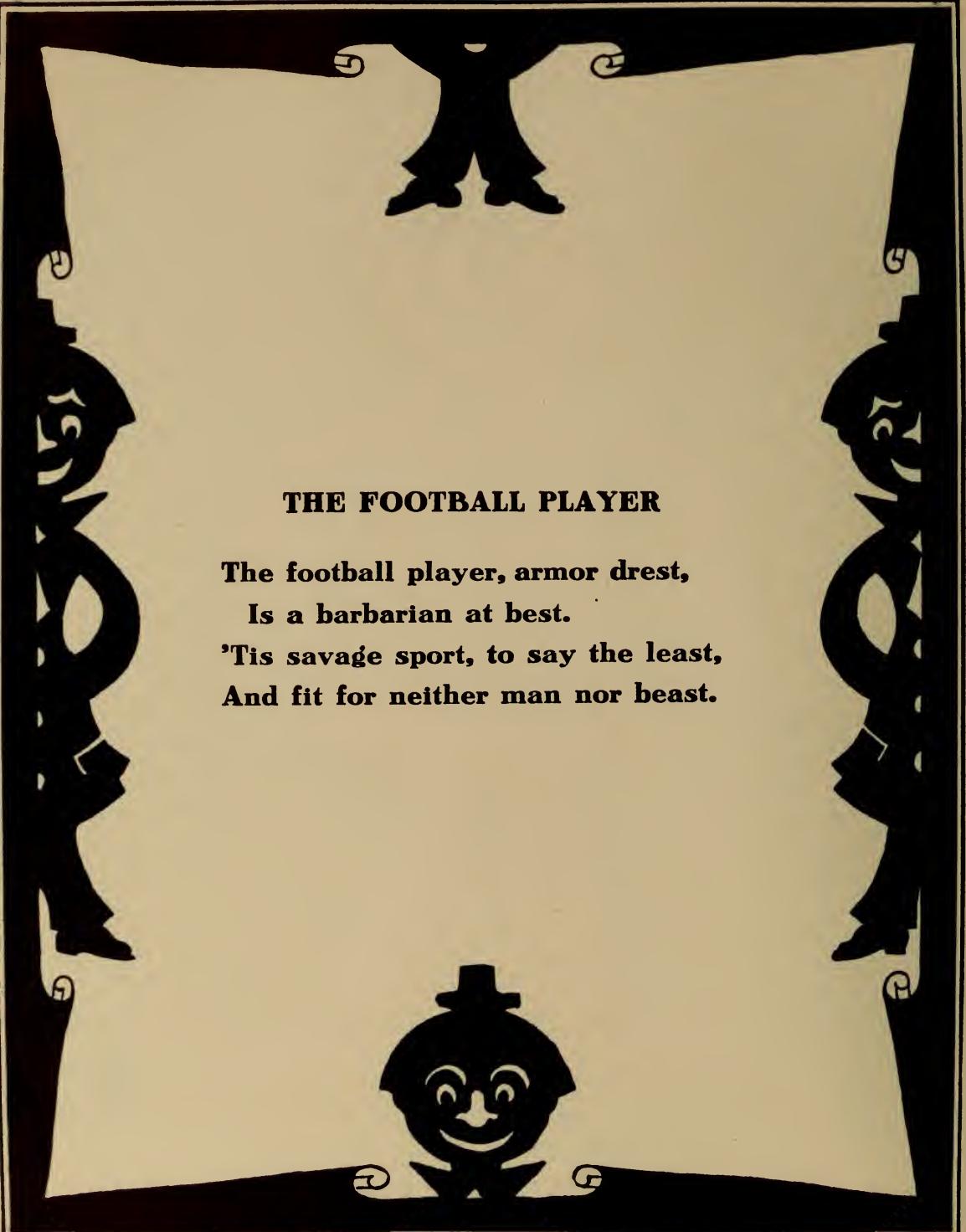




THE CHINAMAN

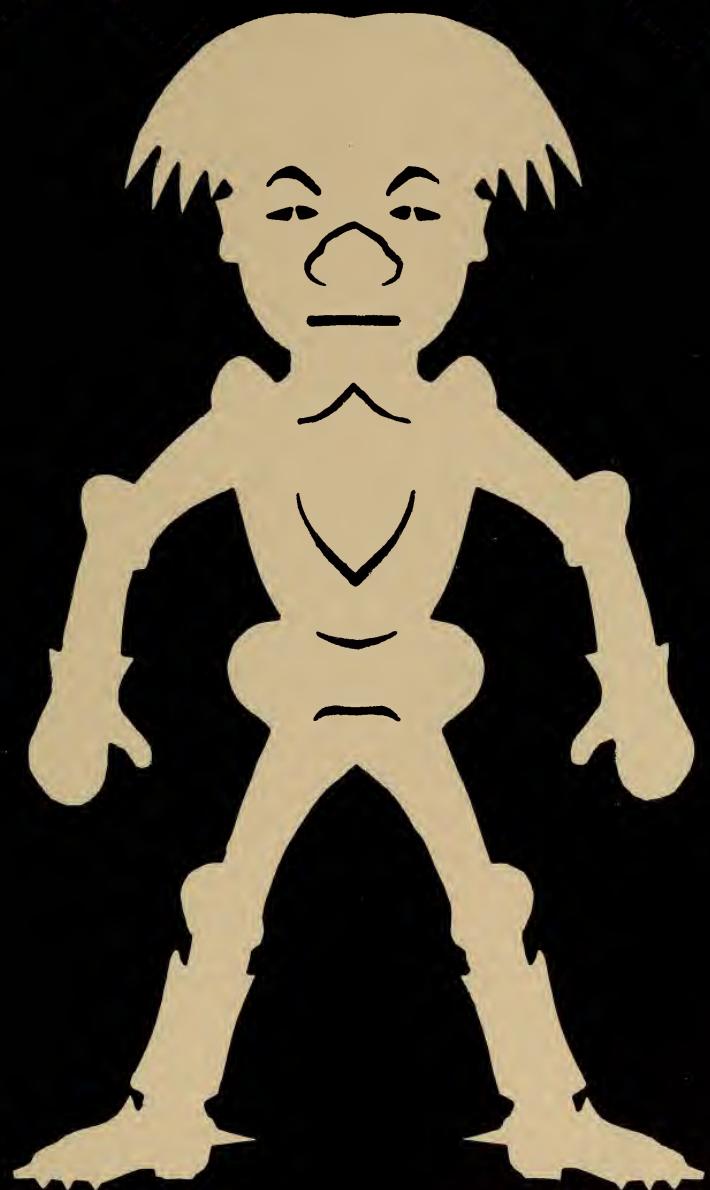
**The Chinaman's a funny fellow,
With skin almost a lemon yellow;
He lives on bowls and bowls of rice,
Served smoking hot, with rats and mice.**

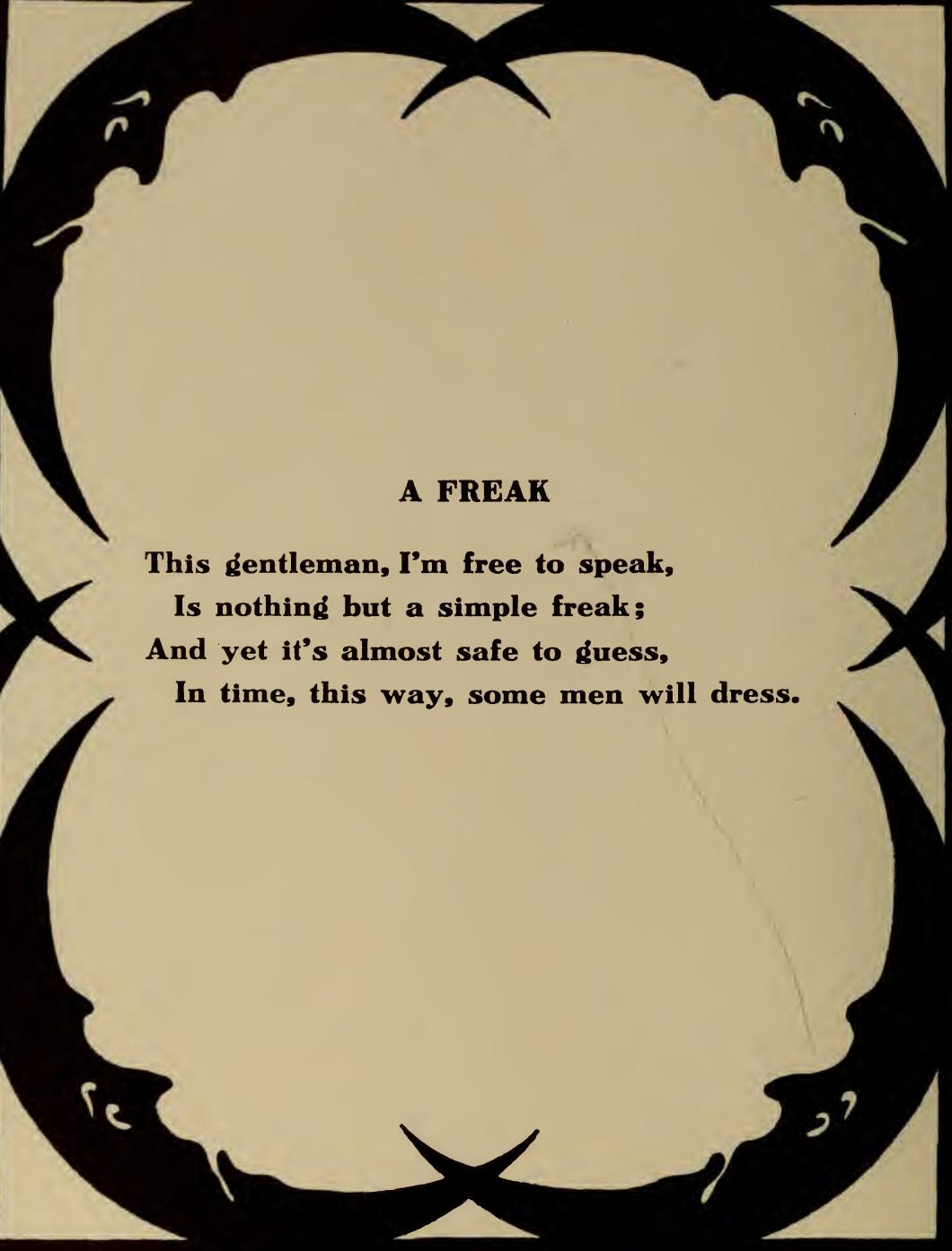




THE FOOTBALL PLAYER

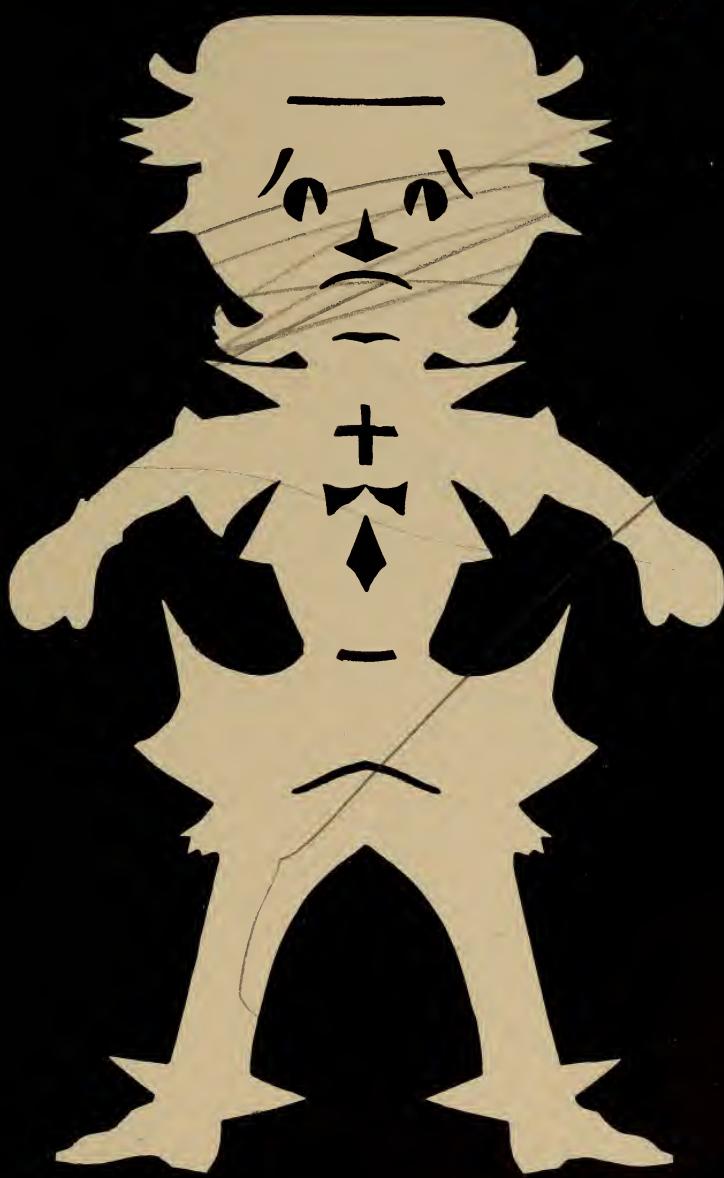
**The football player, armor drest,
Is a barbarian at best.
'Tis savage sport, to say the least,
And fit for neither man nor beast.**





A FREAK

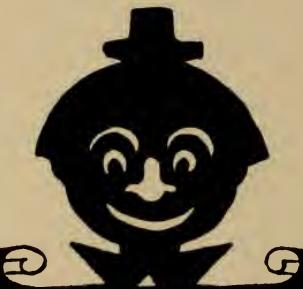
This gentleman, I'm free to speak,
Is nothing but a simple freak;
And yet it's almost safe to guess,
In time, this way, some men will dress.





A NEWSPAPER MAN

You'll find him all about the land
With note book always in his hand,
And if 'tis true, as many think,
His blood is mostly printer's ink.



of years
the little
practice their
when her father
one quite mad, my

his knee when
more fascinating
Hans and even
so madder than
defined theory
has had fifty
definite, final

over meet-
work just after
when Stone's
paper, and in his emo-
a great modern Daniel,
assressed him with enthusiasm
more proof that most people a-
then the flattery came from a mid-
nobbed with dealers of the w-
and to know that he was talking about
friend about conquest and compi-
aving very — but it, for Monsieur
n Stone cre- many sentiments and
have made a gentleman squirm with

"Well—what can I say? I can't turn on him when
ing so decent to me, but him I don't believe half
ings he thinks I do hurt his feelings. Besides
't want to. I like him. His extraordinary sweetness,
qualities like a woman's, I like him." Mr. Stone
awkward laugh and flushed a little. "I think
not quite well. My ferocity seems to have
I wouldn't let a fly. I find myself in love

"I say nothing more in the same strain
that and didn't let him go on
etness—you're right—more
else I ever knew. Have
through. He treats her as
kissing her hand and
lessness of heart."

"To his Pacific
synthetic about
anyone else—
hard luck
But it has
was before
ing and tender
him. "You're
was once mo

ever
and rain and
you sunshine
leged to try;
wind, but if I can
it for you, and Hans
I'm being thoroughly
in town with my
thinking of my sis-
for the reconstruc-
plane. Let me go
But I daresay they
I wish you a Happy

He signed his
among his robes
into her eyes
tiful and
Another man,
his unhappy
see him again
knew. The weakness

she saw only what he pos-
sweetness, the poetry in him.

In the height of her softened
house, and there presently unwil-
sure that the preparation was
said, was dead. It lie in its
"If only —

One thing was sur-
ing and intimate ap-
by any one else. The
appeals, louder calls,

that was his alone.

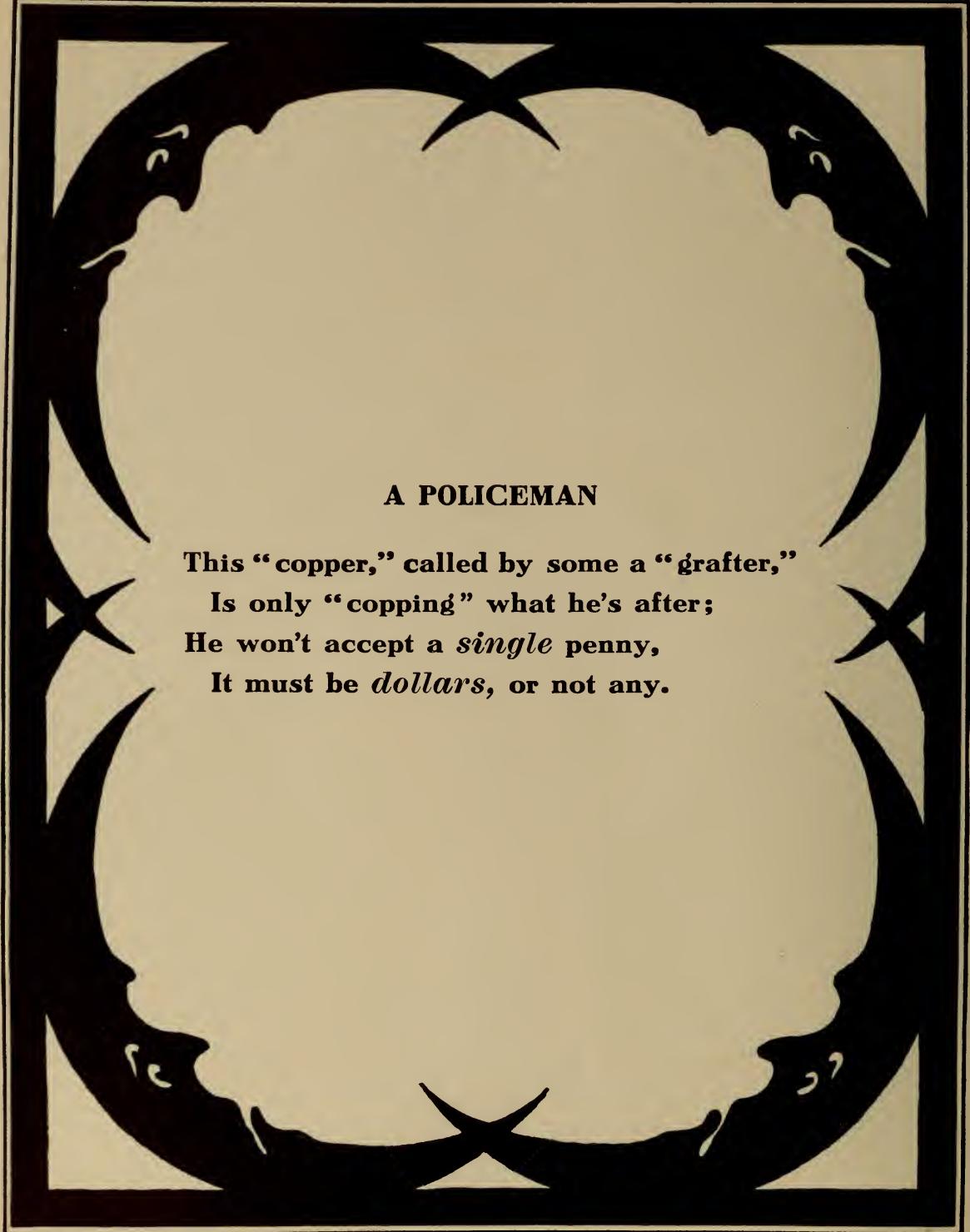
Later in the day she a-
two men had recently seen
Copy could have meant

the reconstructio-
his career. But Stone did

ON THE eve of their last day at Grey's Inn Mr. Stone at mid-afternoon went out for a walk. It had come to be a habit with the young man, and his determination, had a kind of battle. He must have seen that and realized that he could not go on longer, still she went on without hesitation. In fact, she had gone the more readily because she had been rubbed the wrong way by other people! — and felt in a rage.

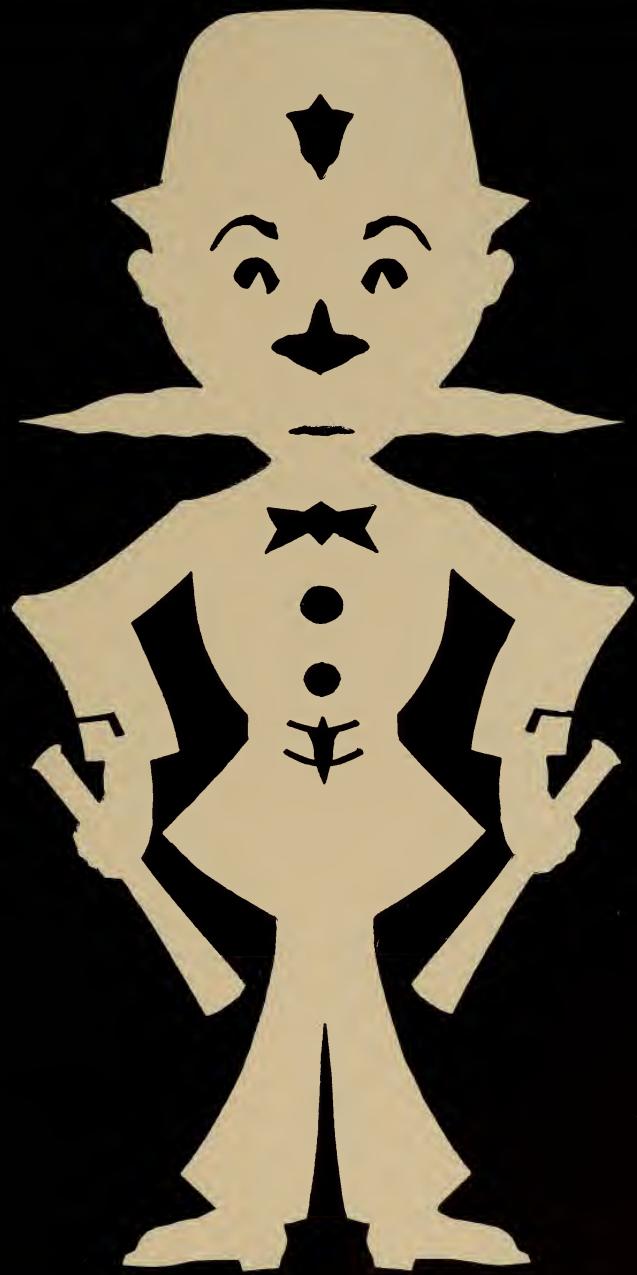
Grey waylaid her in the
lounging room and she
who stood there, Monsieur

He said, "I
manage you
must say you
haven't you
ideas. He'll
course you do
the deuce to pay
He looked
head of re-
Mr. Arthur Stone, with
ignation. It was



A POLICEMAN

This "copper," called by some a "grafter,"
Is only "copping" what he's after;
He won't accept a *single* penny,
It must be *dollars*, or not any.





THE BAKER

The baker is a friend in need;
He, also, is a friend in deed;
He "kneads" the "dough," we need his
bread;
What further can be thought or said?

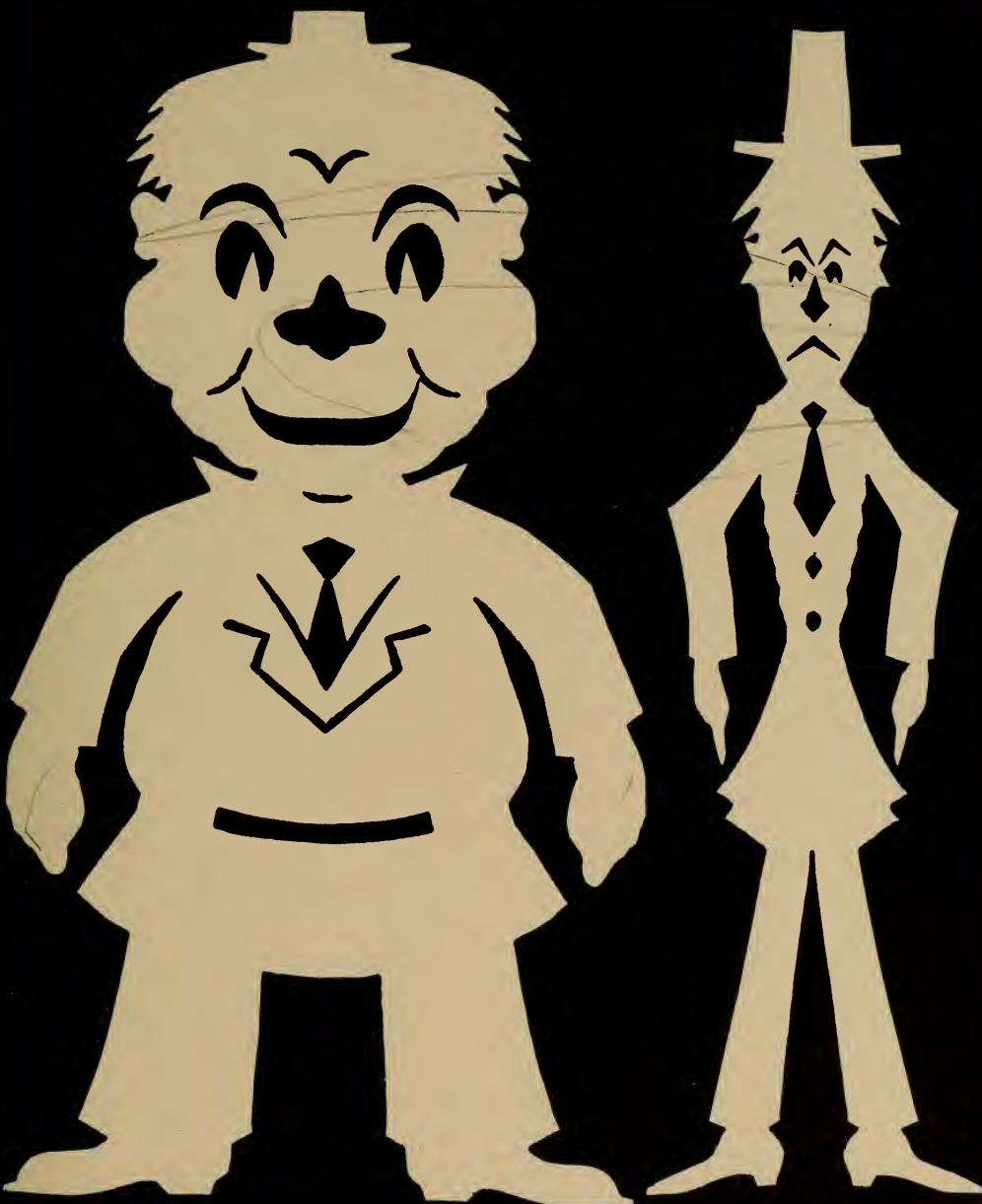






FAT AND THIN

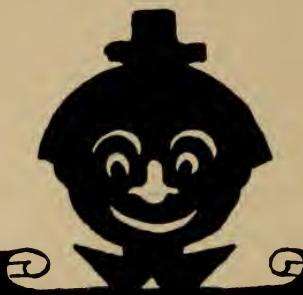
“Fat” daily fasts, to put off weight,
But still he swells, it is his fate;
“Thin” eats and eats, some flesh to gain,
But “Thin” he always will remain.



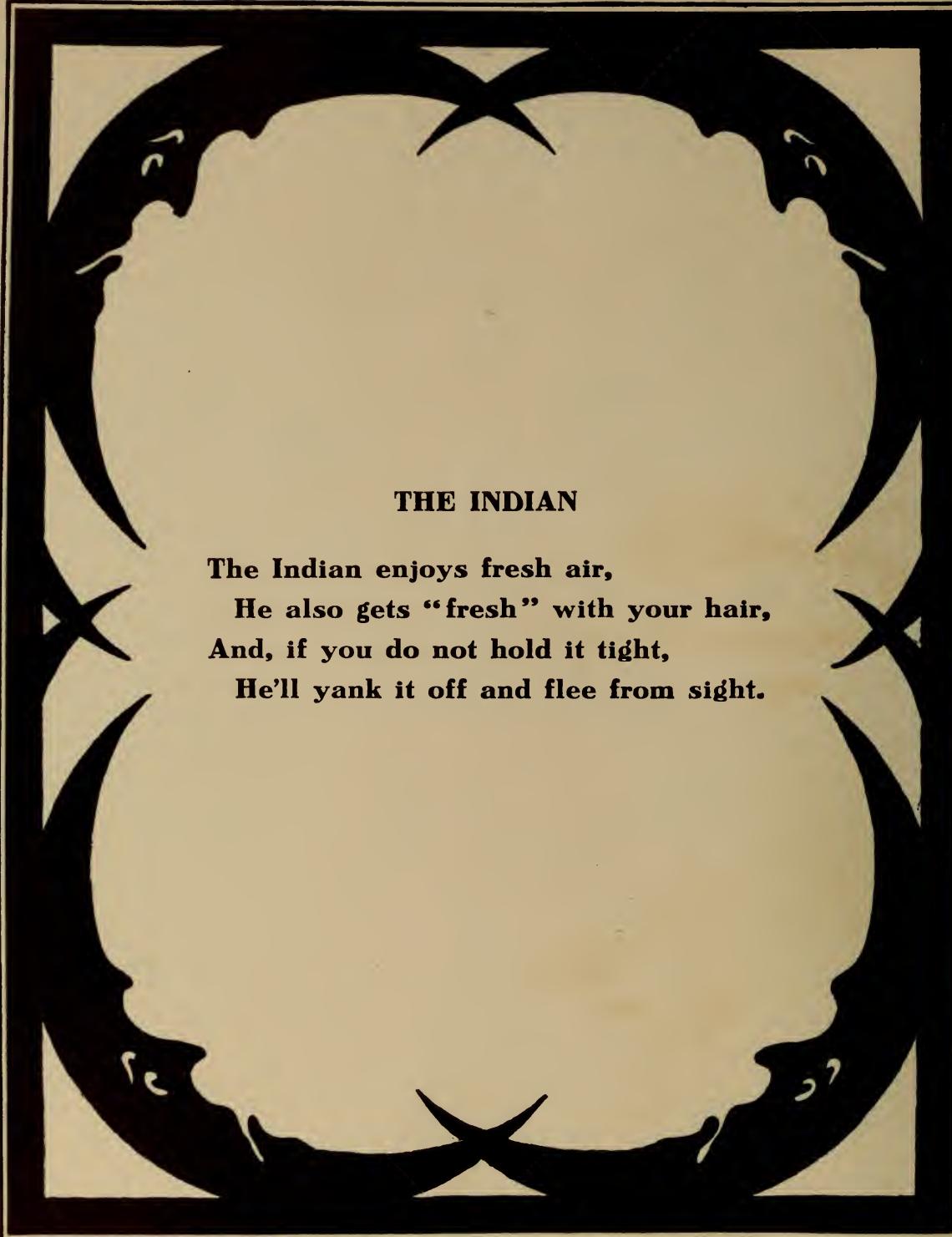


MR. PRIM

This gentleman is very prim,
All ladies are in love with him;
He walks in state, where'er he goes,
And follows, just behind his nose.







THE INDIAN

**The Indian enjoys fresh air,
He also gets "fresh" with your hair,
And, if you do not hold it tight,
He'll yank it off and flee from sight.**

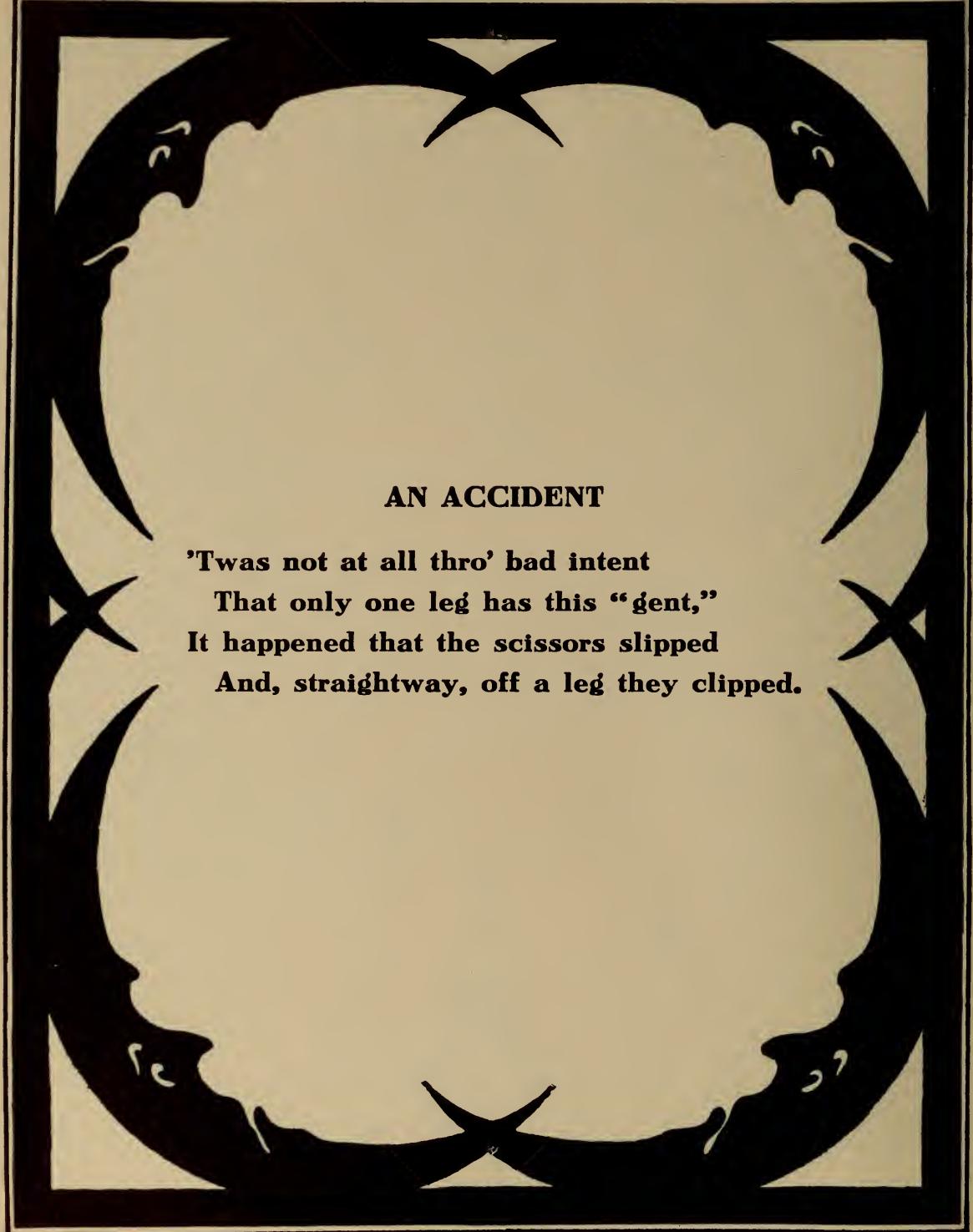




A DOUBLE-HEADER

To be two-faced is never right,
Be true and falsehood fades from sight;
Yet, still, when all is said and done,
Two heads are better far than one.

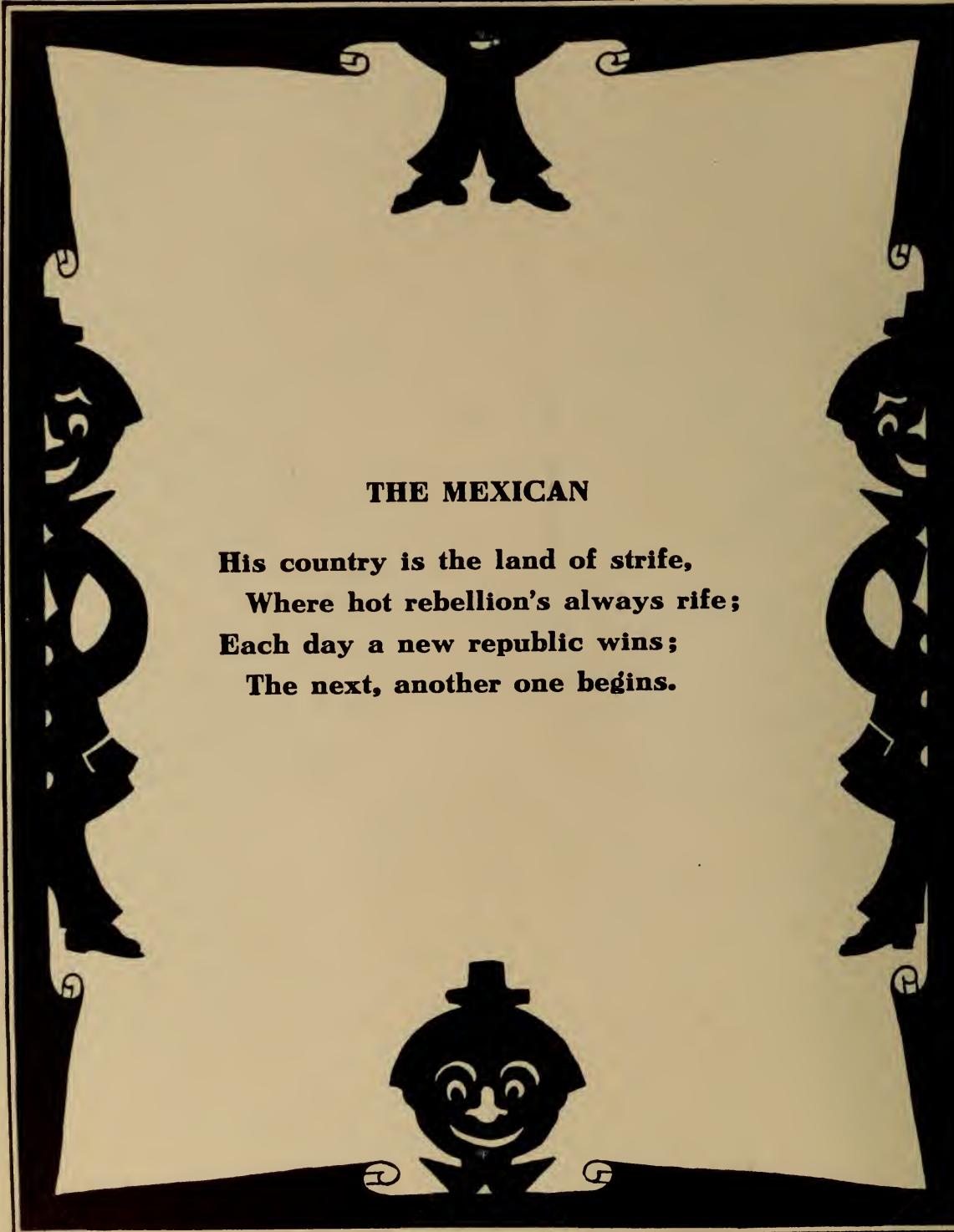




AN ACCIDENT

**'Twas not at all thro' bad intent
That only one leg has this "gent,"
It happened that the scissors slipped
And, straightway, off a leg they clipped.**

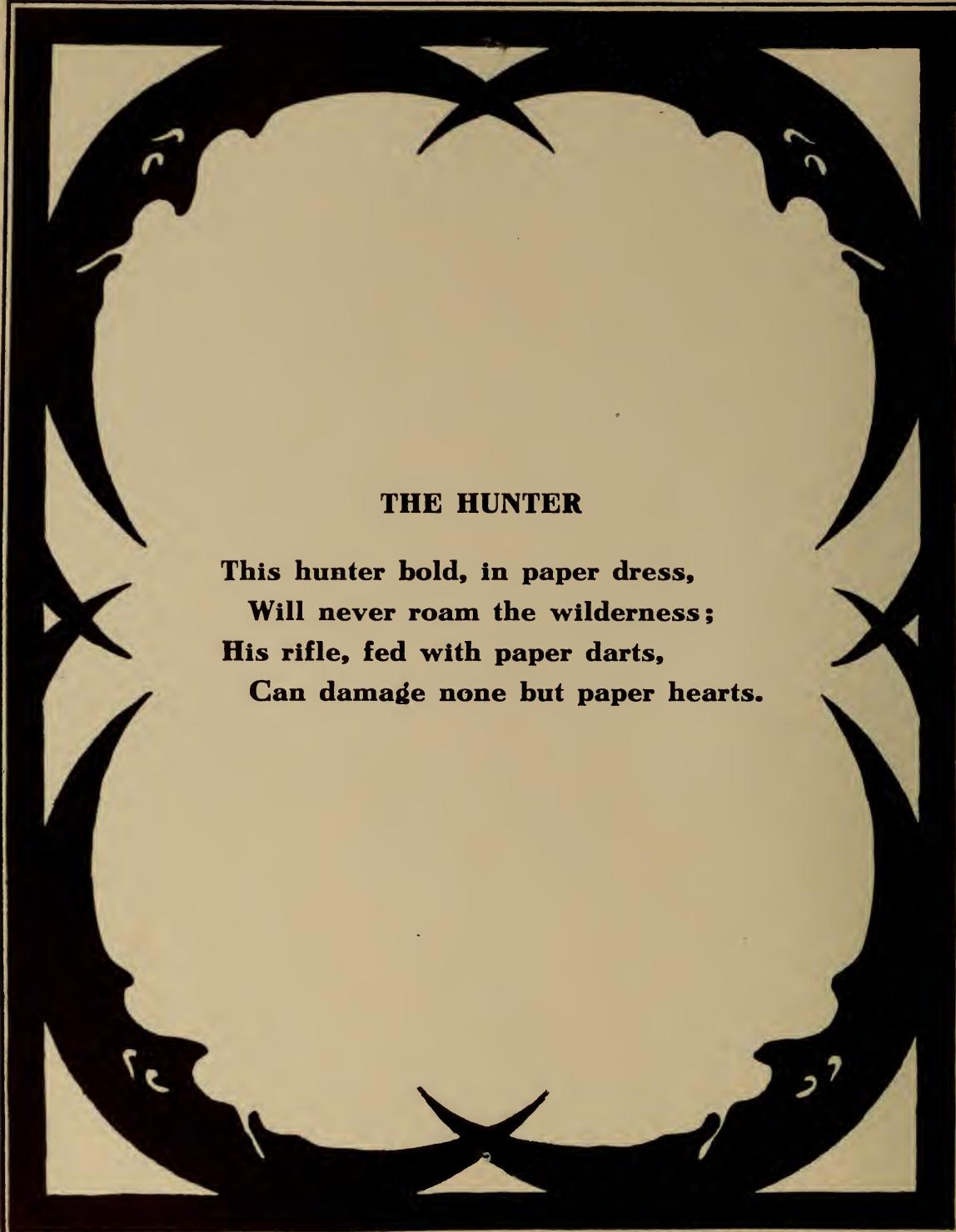




THE MEXICAN

His country is the land of strife,
Where hot rebellion's always rife;
Each day a new republic wins;
The next, another one begins.





THE HUNTER

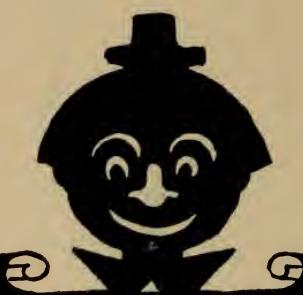
This hunter bold, in paper dress,
Will never roam the wilderness;
His rifle, fed with paper darts,
Can damage none but paper hearts.



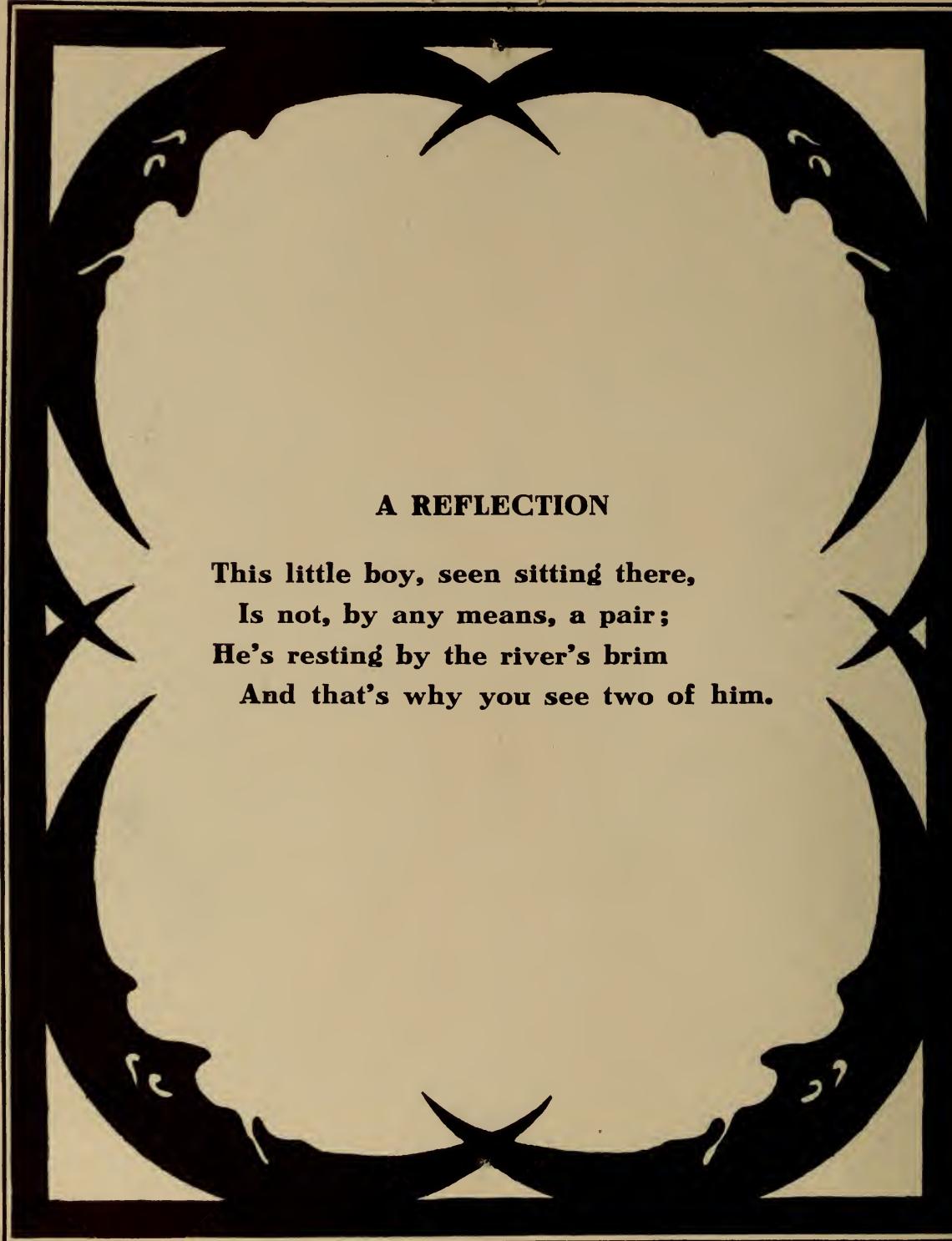


A JUGGLER

This juggler, a clever chap,
Can do strange things without mishap;
And, as you look, your wonder grows,
What keeps the knife upon his nose.

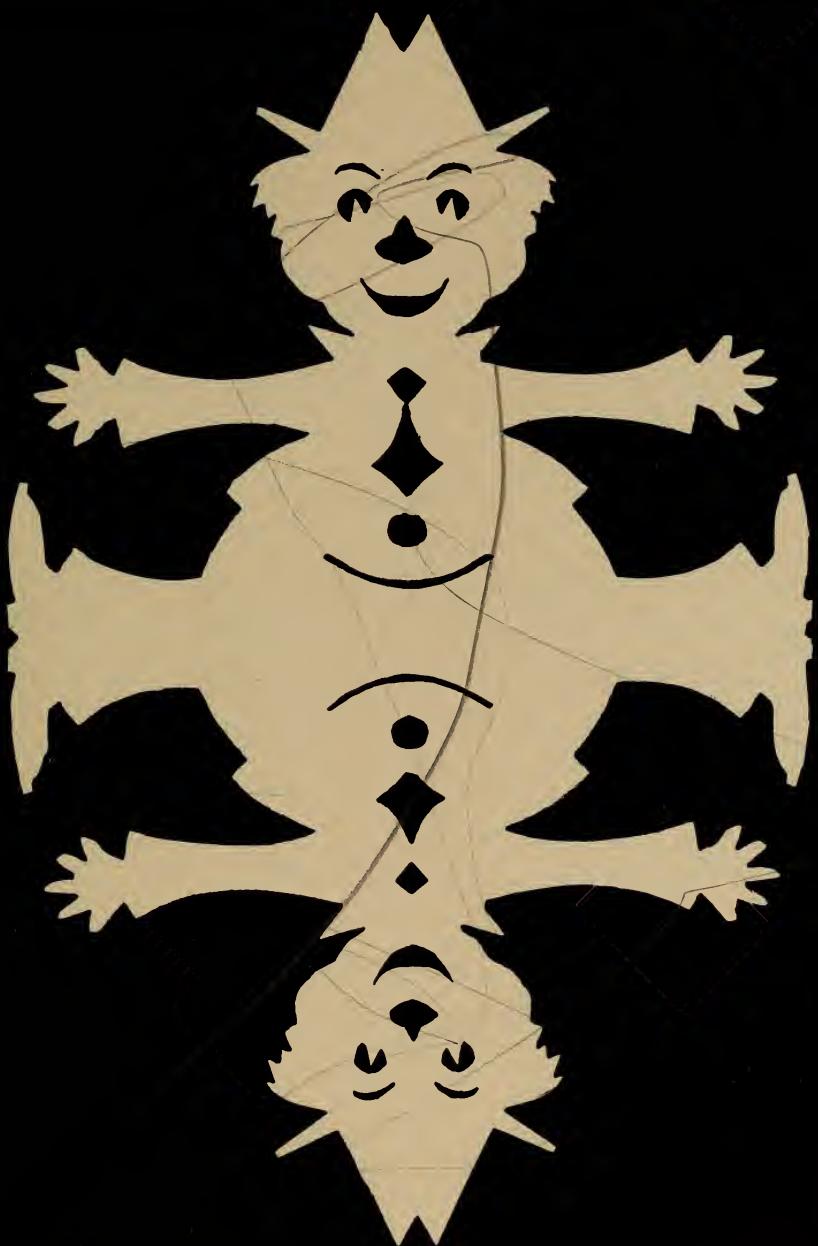






A REFLECTION

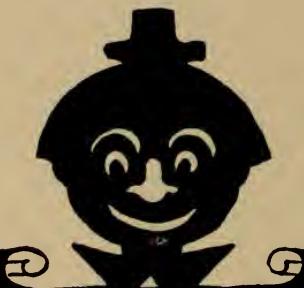
This little boy, seen sitting there,
Is not, by any means, a pair;
He's resting by the river's brim
And that's why you see two of him.





A SUFFRAGETTE

This suffragette lives in the hope
To some day cast a paper vote;
Being a woman, it's safe to bet
That what she wants she'll some day get.

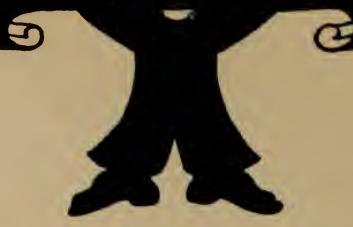




A FIGHTER

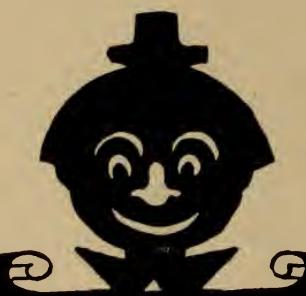
This man, with scissors, fought a duel
And met a fate both dire and cruel;
He lost his arms, legs, head, and wits,
The scissors chopped him into bits.





THE LAST CUT

**Lots more good things I'd like to show,
But even paper ends, you know,
And, as this proves, beyond a doubt,
My paper has, at last, run out.**

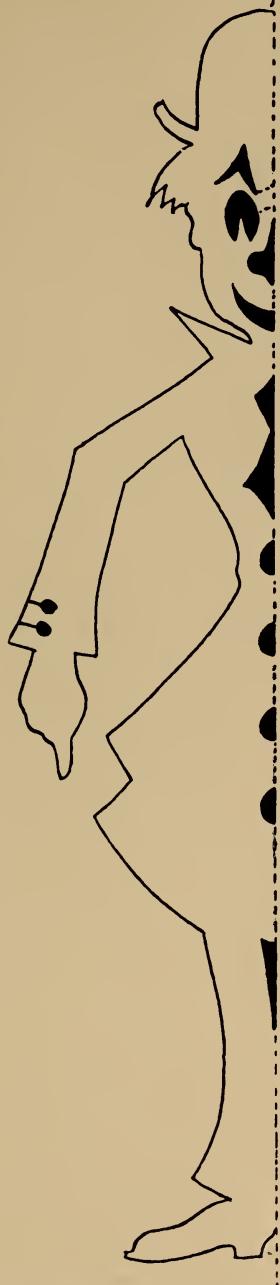




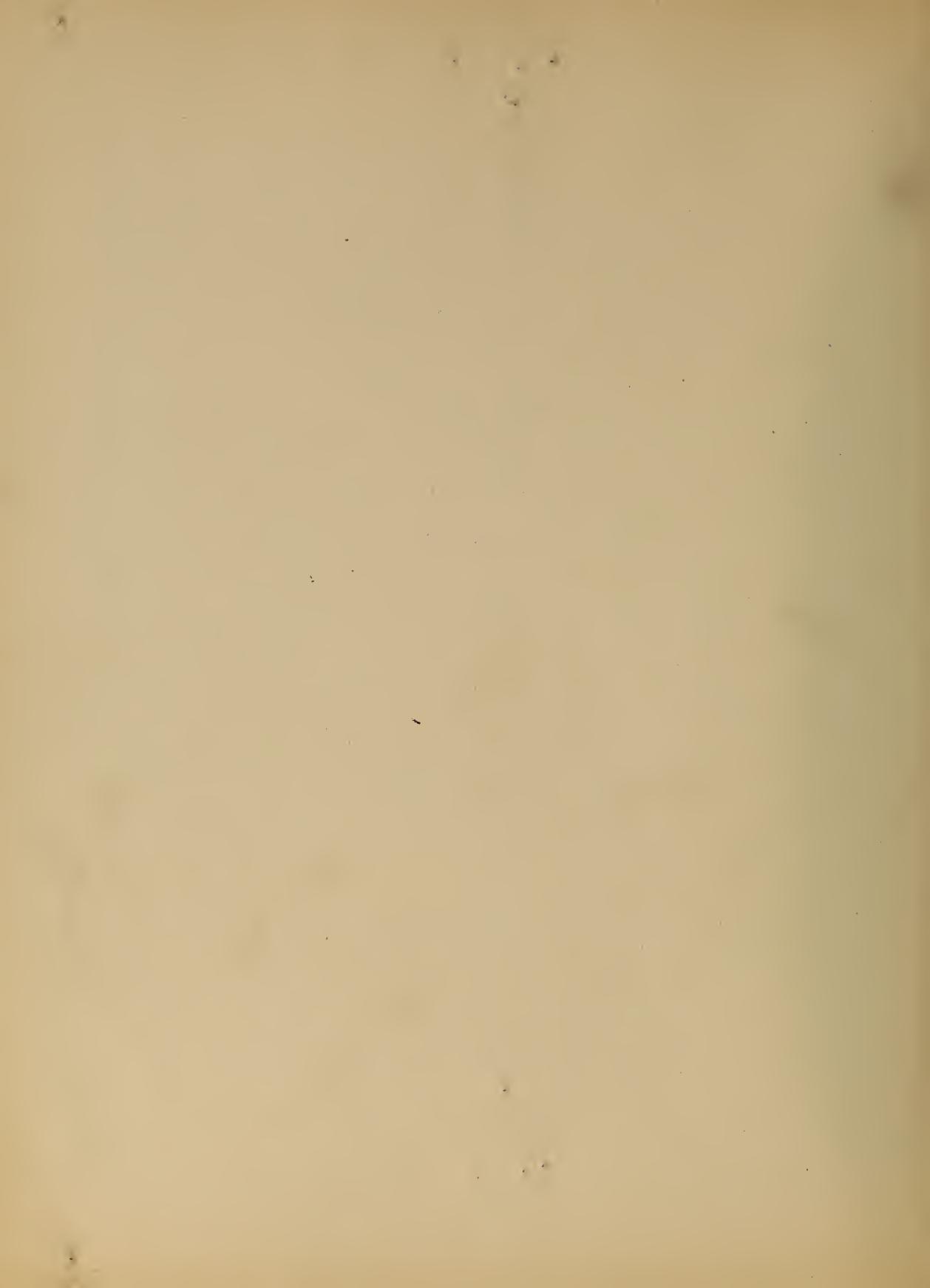




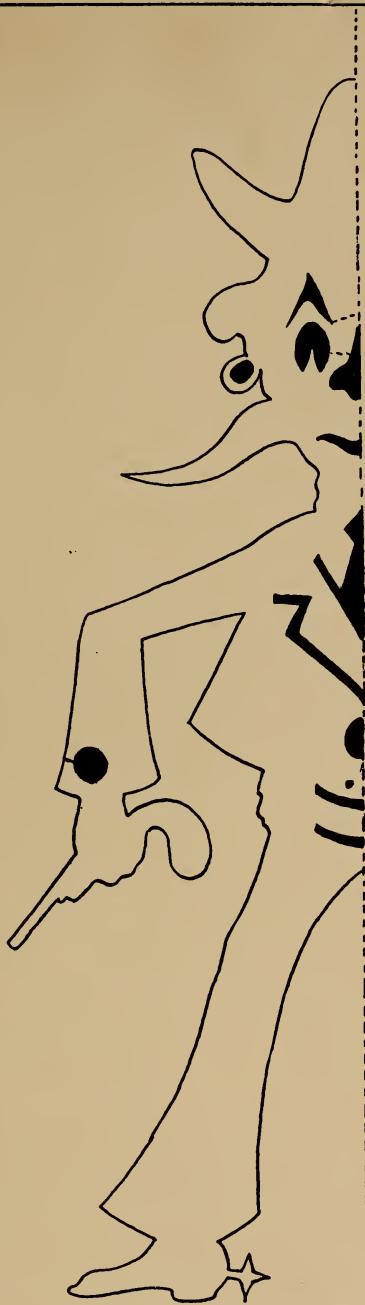












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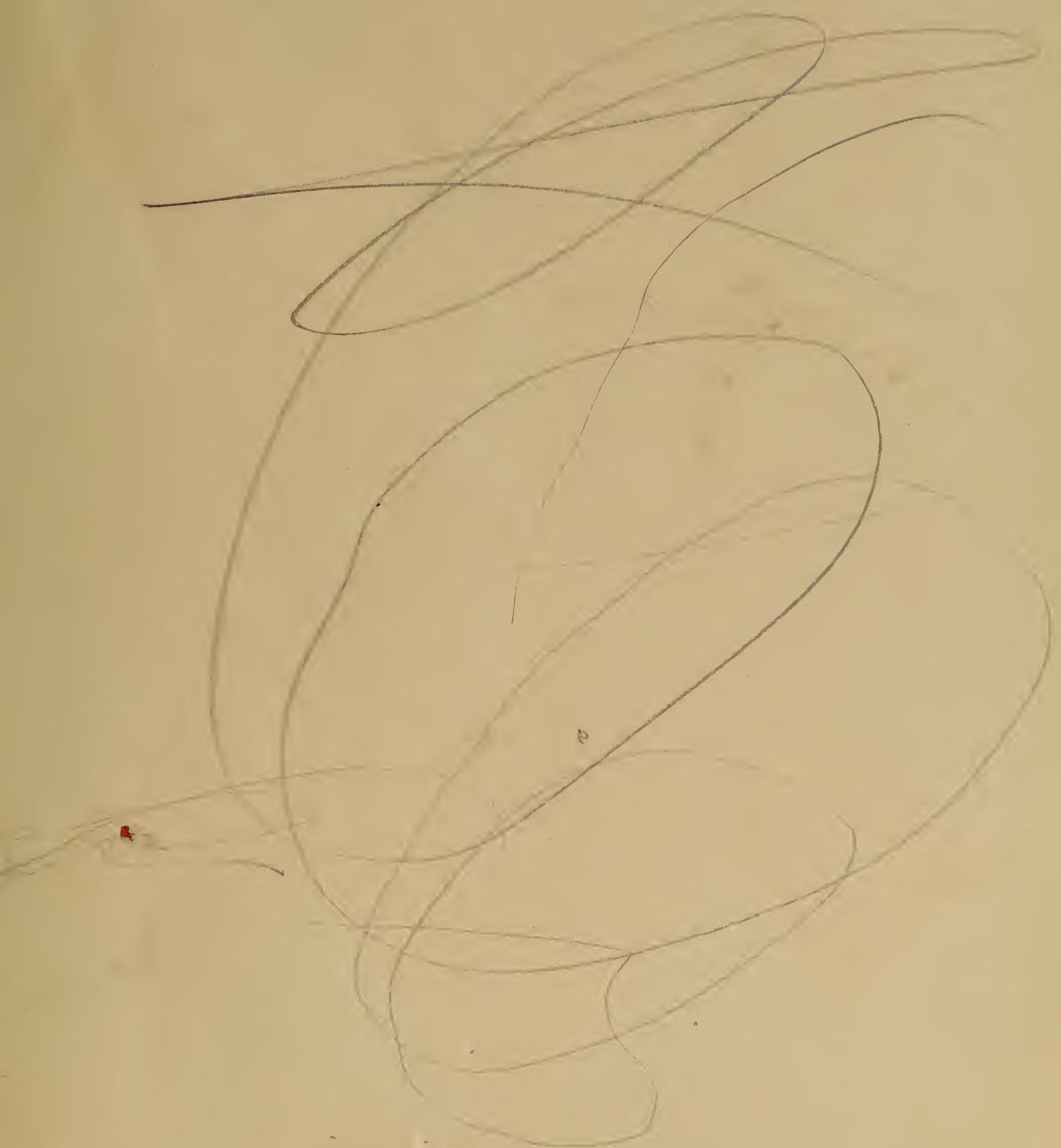
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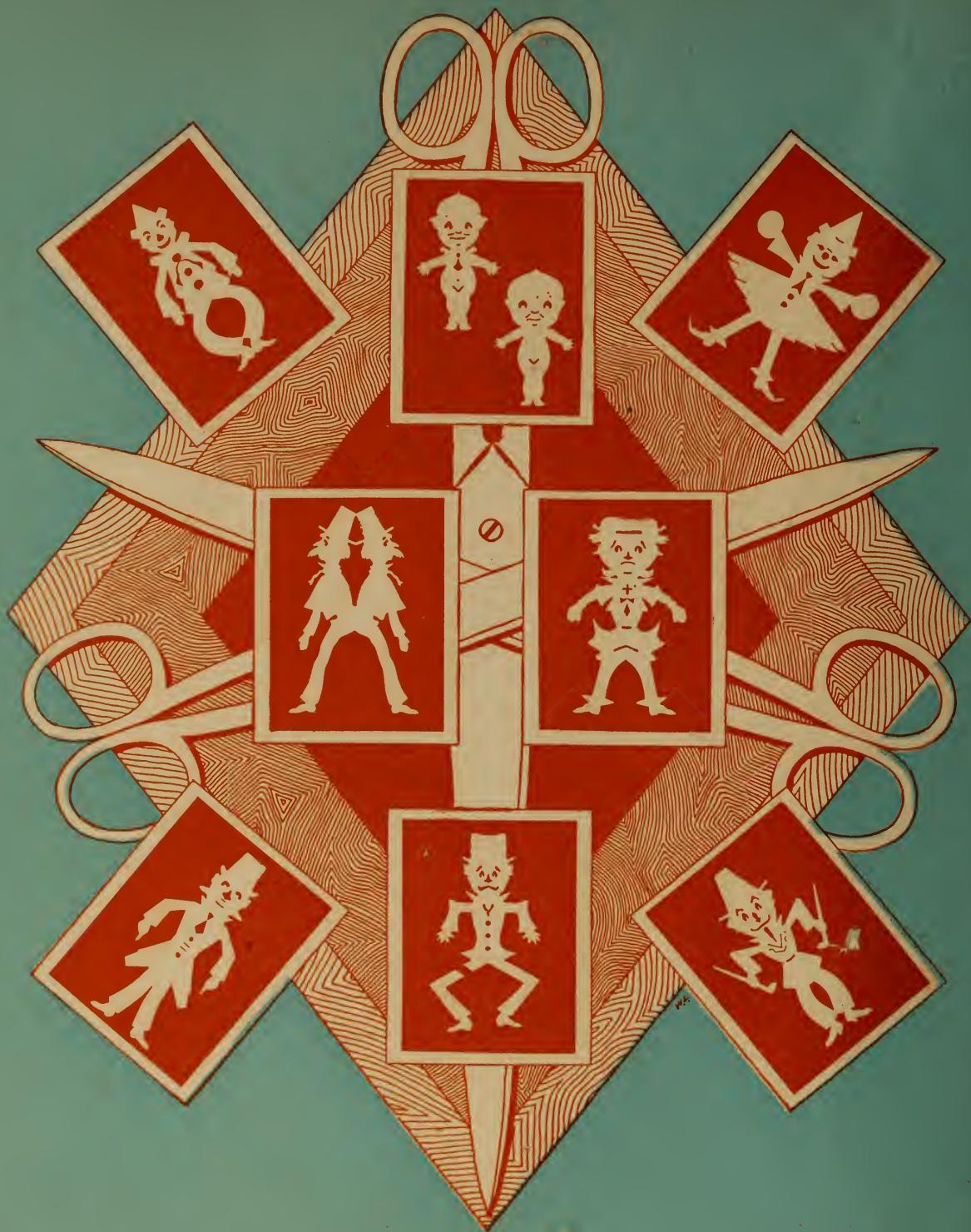


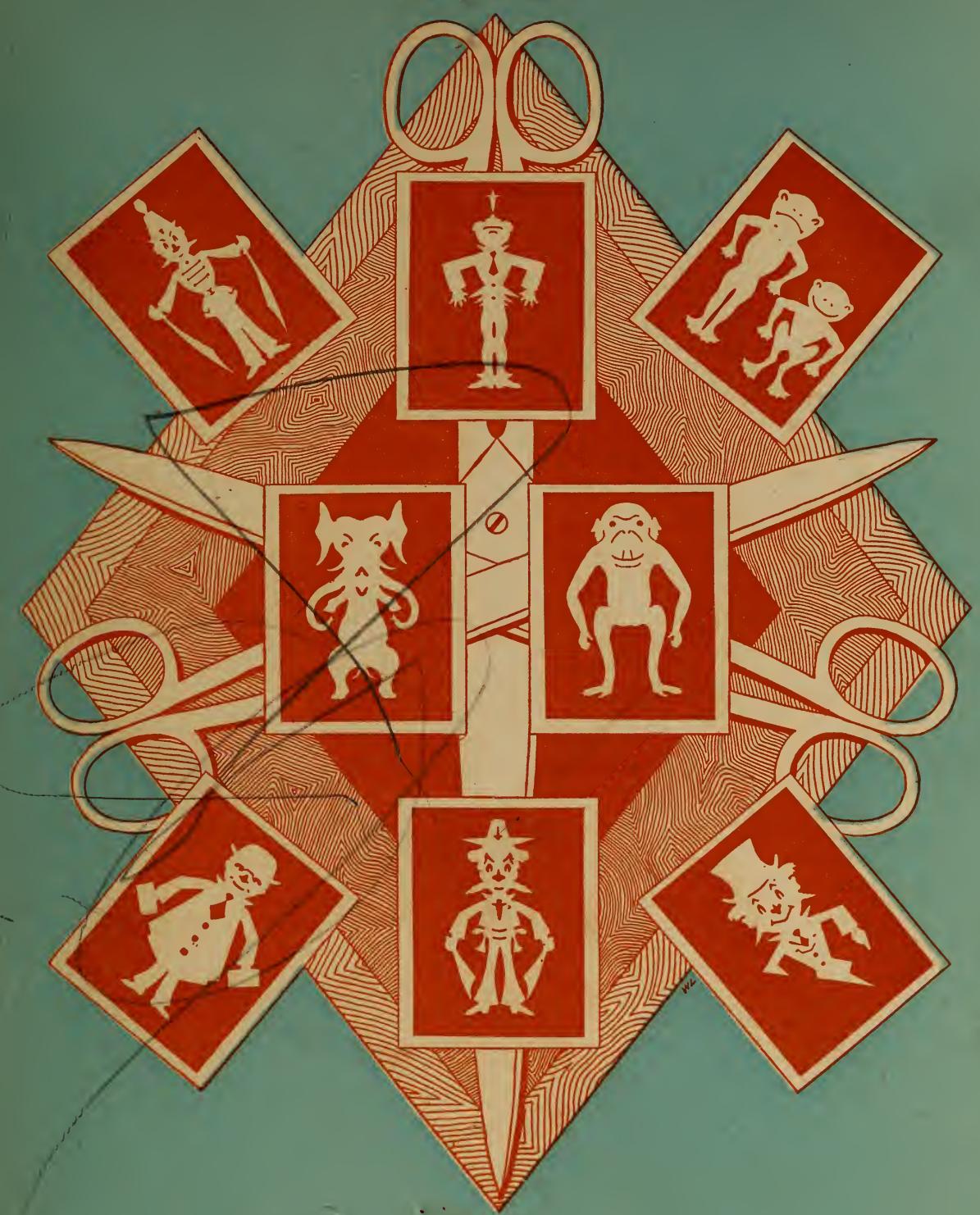












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